XLV Romania No. 2

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One day while roaming in a strange neighborhood, she discovered a man about thirty-nine years of age, who was sick, penniless and friendless. And she was only a slip of a girl, about seventeen years of age. She lost no time in appealing to her mother that the man be installed in her own room until he recovered fully.

The man was handsome, intelligent, and his trade or profession was fresco painting. Fresco painting was much in vogue fifty and more years ago in Roumania, because everyone who was somebody and had money to pay for the work was anxious to have the ceiling and walls of at least the living room adorned with figures, landscapes, etc. Hence Leibu, Carolina's protege could be depended upon to earn money again as soon as he got well.

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Carolina supported her mother's stand, andMr. Leibu yielded to their wishes. The undisclosed fact was, altho Leibu suspected it, that the widow had falles in love with her daughter's protege.

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When Carolina heard the news she was overjoyed. The next day, however, Carolina said to her mother; "I am most happy that you and Mr. Leibu are going to be married; but, I should not care to remain in this city after that event takes place. I and brother Max will go to theUnited States of America. There I shall try to become a teacher of languages, and Mqx will follow his own trade, or with my help he will engage in some business.

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Two subjects interested him more than any other when he was not quite fifteen years of age, namely history and geography. The reason for this preference, he says, was the face that he was anxious to know in which one of the many countries one could grow up to become a man and enjoy the privileges of life and liberty without being harrassed by the government under which he then lived. In his native country he would have had to become a soldier, and eventually a nobody, unless he had been a member of a certain class and that meant the rich.

From his interest in the two subjects mentioned, he learned of many countries other than the United States, where one could as it were, live his own life; but, at that time European Steamship Companies were outbidding each other in the attempt to carry as many emigrants (most of whom travelled in the so-called steerage class), from the various European ports to the United States.

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mann graduated from the private school and could continue to study only by going to Vienna or Berlin, but his father had not the means for that purpose. Therefore, he became a clerk in a grain brokerage house in a port city known as Braila. While thus employed he daily came in contact with officers of grain-carrying steamers from practically every port in the workd, a few of whom took quite a fancy to him.

One day he mentioned to one of the captains who was in command of an English ship of his great desire to leave Roumania for the United States, and the latter said: "I expect to be back in about two months, and, if you then still have the desire to emigrate, and if you will be ready to sail with my ship, I shall take you as far as Liverpool. At that port, I shall secure for you passage to New York through some one of my many friends who are in command of steamers plying between those two cities". Friedmann thanked the captain heartily, and said that he would be ready to sail when the latter returned.

Friedmann, of course, had to convey the information of his intention to Roumania to his parents, for, unlike in this day and age, young men, at any rate, the great majority of them had much respect for their parents' feelings at that time. Hence, instead of writing to them, he told his employer that he wanted to visit his parents during some forthcoming holidays, and he was given leave of absence for one week.

After reaching home Friedmann did not broach the subject for which he made the journey, but gave some valid excuse for it. The next day, however, when he was alone with his mother, he told her the real reason for his visit. His mother, of course, instantly shed tears, but she never uttered a word that might have intimated to her son to change his mind. All she said was that he should tell his father, who perhaps knew best what would be for his benefit in the future.

The very same day he went to this father's place of business, and, finding the latter unengaged, he immediately told him the object of his journey. After listening to his son's intention and the reasons for it, the father said: "My son, I rather expected that the time would come when you would be dissatisfied with the political and social conditions in this country; therefore, I am not at all surprised at what you told me, and since it would be your duty to present yourself to the army authorities for conscription, I am rather glad that you thought about the matter and made your decision. All that I am able to wish you is good luck to your future in the new country and when you will be ready to leave I shall try to spare you a small sum of money."

Six weeks later Friedmann was on a steamer bound for Liverpool, the captain who had made him the promise returning sooner than he had anticipated.

Two days after reaching Liverpool the captain secured passage for Friedmann on a steamer bound for New York. While crossing the Atlantic Friedmann made the acquaintance of a young man, older than himself whose home was in California, and the latter described that state in such glowing terms that the former decided they should make the journey together. But when they went to a railroad ticket office in New York City to purchase tickets for California, Friedmann discovered that the money he still had was not sufficient to purchase a ticket for even half the distance between New York City and San Francisco. Instantly his companion sensed Friedmann's predicament and taking him aside, the former said: "If you are short of money do not hesitate to tell me, for I can secure as much money as I want by means of a letter of credit I carry. I am sure that you will repay me the money after you will be in California a little while. Of course, Friedmann had become attached to the young man as they continually discussed many subjects in a language they both spoke fluently, namely German; hence the former did not hesitate to confide in the latter of his insufficient means. After tickets were bought they spent three days in New York City, and then they were on their way.

When they reached San Francisco the young man (the real Californian of a long since past age), took Carol to his own home, and introduced him to his parents and a sister about sixteen years

years of age. He was asked to remain with them as a guest until he was rested from the long journey and decided upon some plan for the future. Of course, Friedmann, for lack of money, was constrained to accept the invitation with many hearty thanks.

Two days later Friedmann learned that his host was in the grain business, and that his son was his associate. Bi-annually the son went to Liverpool to discuss, with their associates located in that city, matters pertaining to the grain business.

During their trip from Liverpool to San Francisco, Friedmann had mentioned to the young man that he had been a clerk in a grain bookerage office in Roumania.

One day the young man said to his father: "Friedmann is a nice chap and I am very fond of him. Why not give him a chance in our own office?" Thereupon his father said: "I, too, am fond of him, and so is mother, but he speaks a very broken English." Then said the young man: "Father dear, Friedmann will speak a better English than either you or I in less than one year. In the meantime we can use him as a time-keeper." "O.K.", said the father to his son, "have your own way in the matter." In less than a week, Friedmann was asked to report for work. His weekly pay was fixed at twenty dollars, and he was to room and board with a family whose members were friends of his employers.

Like many other emigrants to the United States from Rouma-

nia, who had received a thorough fundamental education in their native country, especially a good knowledge of the German and French languages, it was easy for Friedmann to master the English language as well as adapt himself to any sort of agreeable work. Therefore in about eight months from the time he landed in the United States, by means of intensive reading of good English literature with the help of a good dictionary, Carol spoke a fairly good English, and he was transferred to the office where he was appointed cashier. Thenceforward Friedmann's progress was fast, and at the end of his first year with the firm he became one of the firm's buyers.

In the meantime the junior member of the firm treated him, not only as a friend, but made him his steady companion. They both like good literature; they both liked billiard and chess; they both enjoyed a good show; they both were very fond of music; and last, but not least, neither of them gambled nor drank. They were both continually absorbed in the grain business, and after business hours, either they engaged in intellectual pursuits or some innocent diversion once a week, and some weeks Friedmann had to appear for dinner at his employers' home. Other nights he would call on his junior employer after dinner. Thus matters continued to the satisfaction of all parties concerned for about three years when like lightening from the sky, the junior member confided in Friedmann that he was about to

marry the young lady whom he often met in their home. Friedmann, of course, could only do the obvious, that is, congratulate his friend and benefactor heartily, but at the same time, he felt as if something snapped in his heart. For after marrying he could not possibly have the junior employer as his companion. In fact, a day later, Friedmann said to his friend: "What will become of me after you are married?" After a few seconds of hesitation his friend said: "Carol, you marry my sister and you won't regret it." Two months later his junior employer was married, and four months later Friedmann married his employers' daughter and sister, respectively.

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It should be said, en passant, that Carlina was a most diligent student, both in school and away from it. She read in both the German and the French languages, these two languages every lyceum student, whether male, or female, was compelled to

to sutdy them thoroughly. Upon graduation every student could read and write them as well as the Roumanian language. That was of course fifty or more years ago. (The writer is informed that the English language is also being studied today.)

Max, Carolina's brother on the otherhand, was not quite so brilliant a student as his sister; nevertheless, he became a first class workingman in copper and brass-wear, such as chandeliers, lamps, candlesticks etc.

When the widow Alkale heard her daughter's decision she was non-plussed, but said nothing. Her turn came the third day, in the meantime she too, the matter up with her prospective husband and that gentlmen would not hear of it. He did, however, make the remark to the effect that, if Carolina and her brother emigrate to theUnited States, he and his fiancee would have to go along.

The third day a consultation was in progress where it was decided first, that they should marshall their assets and find out wjether they could raise the necessary funds for the trip; secondly that Mr. Leibu should marry Mrs. Alkali on a day certain; and lastly, that if they did not have sufficient money for the trip none should leave until all could go.

It so happenedthat the widow Alkali, in addition to themoney left to her by her deceased husband, she had accumulate quite a sum from work as a dressmaker to the rich women of Botasani. In fact, she had about ten thousand francs, and Mr. Leibu had

about two thousand francs due him from a job he was about to finish. That sum, and also some additional small sums from the sale of various articles, was more than sufficient to pay for the journey of the four to the United States.

Accordingly, in about three weeks Mr. Leibu married the widow Alkali, and one month thereafter the four members left Botosani, Roumania.

New York City was their goal. When they arrived in New York, they sought and found quarters together. After resting for a while Mr. found a place where it did not take him long to provehis ability as a first class copper and vrass worker. Carolina registered at one of the night schools for thepurpose of perfecting herself in the English language. Mr. Leibu, on the other hand, could find no fresco work, as such work was not much in vogue in the United States; therefore, he became an ordianry painter, earning five or six dollars a day whenever hecould secure a job. Mrs. Leibu took care of the home, as well as catered to theneeds of the members of the family.

After residing in New York City about a year, Mrs. Leibu began to notice that her husband often came home somewhat tipsy, and within the confines of their own room she took quite a good deal of abuse from him. But one evening Mr. Leibu not only came home somewhat paralized from excessive drink, but he used one of his fists rather heavily upon Mr. Leibu's face, and the blood was

pouring from her face. She screamed, and that brought her son and daughter to her rescue. That very evening Mr. Leibu was arrested for battery, and the fourth day when his case came up in the police court, he was placed on probation for one year; also, he was admonished never again to venture into the homeof his wife and children.

But after that unfortunate affair, Carolina persuaded her mother and her brother to leavelew York City for California, and in about three weeks they departed without leaving a single trace behind tyem. Their destination was Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles Carolina passed an examination and succeeded in securing a teacher's certificate. Shortly thereafter she received an appointment to teach German and French in one of the high schools.

After teaching in thepublic schools of Los Angeles about ten years, she met a man whom she married shortly after, and resigned her position. The man was fairly well to do, and also had a very prifitale business in San Francisco. Shrtly after their marriage they moved to San Francisco, taking with them Carolina's mother.

About three years after marriage Carolina had a child, in nineteen twenty nine, however, matters took a turn for theworst. Caro,ina(s husband lost all of his money, and real estate holdings.

Carolina could see only a dark future before her, as her husband seemed unable to rehabilitate himself. But Carolina

always has a will and a way; therefore, she didnot lose much time and reengaged in her own profession as a teacher.

Today, she is practically the main support of her family; and this includes her husband whom she worships. Some women seem to be born brave,and hence are capable of defying the very fates.

J. B. Lyonville

Harry S. Bennett 12 years old

Harry S. was born in a cabin
near Buckhannon Bennett Run
in 1874. His parents both died
when he was a few months old.
His aunt and uncle adopted him
although they had three children
of their own. They also had a
small farm with cattle, sheep,
vegetables, fruit, chickens and hogs
like ours. Harry's foster father
was a very good carpenter and
builder, but work and wages
were very scarce. Harry helped
on the farm and went to the
school part of the time until
he was thirteen years old.
One evening Mary Francis
visited and told them of the
free schools, and plenty of
work here. The uncle decided
sent for them in 1887. He bought
an 8 large room story house.
He had a garden, chickens, hogs
a cow just like they had in
Buckhannon. His father was
on Island Commission Vacation

Valley. For a few months the two families lived together until Harry's father had enough money to rent a house and buy a little furniture. There was plenty of work for Harry's father to do because many homes and buildings were destroyed by the fire of 1906 and had to be rebuilt. Although they came here a year later there was work for all. Harry helped his father and taught him the building trade. Harry went to night school so that he could learn to read and write in English. In 1912 Harry bought an old automobile and he went into the jitney business. He liked driving much better than the building trade. He was very successful. He drove the jitney during the daytime and he hired a man to drive at night. He stayed in this business until 1914.

III

The World War came and Harry was drafted into the United States Army. He was sent overseas to France. The war ended and Harry came home unmarried. He was now 25 years. He got married in San Francisco to a German girl whose parents were Russian. He applied for a veteran's home and was one of the first veterans to have their home built. It was on Twenty Second and Winters Streets San Francisco. Harry continued to drive his jitney until 1924. He saved a little money and opened a Second Hand Tire Shop on Golden Gate Avenue. Harry was now the father of three children. Harry's parents moved to Los Angeles where there was a building boom in 1925. His father and brothers bought lots built stores, received contracts for

4/ buildings etc. They worked
hard but in a few years
work. Harry's parents wanted
him to bring his family to
Los Angeles to live but Harry's
wife refused to go because she
had her parents living in San
Francisco and did not want
to leave them. In 1927 the
tire business became so
bad that Harry was just
ready to close up the shop
when his father sent him
a little money that saved the
business because so poor
the money was gone and
Harry lost his business. Harry's
father refused to help, and
told him he would have
to take care of his own family.
Harry's wife became ill and
was taken to a hospital.
One of his children had a
breakdown and was taken
to another hospital. The work

Charities took care of Harry and his family. They found a job for Harry taking care of a Jewish Temple on Western Avenue as janitor. He also drives the bus for the children that go to the Hebrew School.

His wife and children are well again. She has two boarders living in their home. This helps to pay for the food that is needed in the house.

Harry's father recently died in Los Angeles. He left him $3,000. Besides he expects to get the Adjusted Compensation in June. With this money he expects to go into some business. His home and he feels for an a few years and things are looking bright for Harry again. His children are good American

citizens. Every one of them
never should have children
because it would be the first right
for the land. See U. S.
He has no heirs to go back
to Burkersettshland of his
birth. San Francisco is the
best place on earth to
me.

[illegible]

The biography of Mr. [illegible]

Victor Blackmore, a native

of Germany and for many

years a citizen of the United

States, died [illegible] on

June 1890. He came to the

United States with his parents

and family settled [illegible]

and has four children, [illegible]

two and two daughters

[illegible]

Like many other immigrants, Victor's father, Vladimir Rostam, first settled in New York City and became a peddler. His peddling basket contained miscellaneous articles, such as needles, thread, shoelaces, buttons etc. His daily profit from peddling was always uncertain; nevertheless, after peddling about one year he told his wife that he had saved up about six hundred dollars; that he was tired of peddling, and decided to open a small jewelry store.

His wife tried to dissuade him from engaging in a business he knew nothing about, but

he told her that he made up his mind, and no words of her could serve him from his purpose.

In about three weeks after the conversation with his wife he opened a little store on a side street that is to say some distance from a main street, in New York City.

After paying one month's rent and purchasing some cheap jewelry, he had no money left. Nevertheless, he had unbounded faith in his ability to make good, ~~and~~ lack of surplus capital did not seem

to discourage him in the least. But, when, at the end of the first month, he counted the money in the tiny sale he had bought on the installment plan, he discovered that there was not sufficient money to pay the second month's store rent, and none at all for his house rent. True enough, his business was showing some activity during the first month but there was not enough profit from the cheap merchandise he was carrying. To purchase better merchandise from which

he could derive greater profit was out of the question, for first he had no ready cash and he had not established any sort of credit. secondly he was afraid to plunge, as it were, he wanted his business to grow gradually.

One morning, while in the act of opening his store he looked across the street and saw a few people raising the pavement in front of a store that had suspended above its three golden balls.

It was not long before

a man opened the store, and the few people in front of it walked in.

Bateman saw some jewelry, musical instruments etc. in windows of the store before which there were three suspended golden balls, but he did not know why people passing that store so early in the morning.

During the day a jewelry salesman walked into Bateman's store to sell him some jewelry and during the conversation the former asked the latter what sort of jewelry ~~does~~ ~~does~~ the man who owns the store across the street

(pointing his finger to it) well
The salesman replied, He does
not sell jewelry, he hawks
money on it, and only occasion-
ally sells a piece of unclaimed
jewelry. Most people who
pawn their jewelry redeem it
because they cannot borrow
much from any pawnbroker
another. The salesman tried
his utmost to persuade
~~[illegible]~~ to purchase some
of his merchandise but the
latter said that he was
not interested for the time
being. After the salesman left

Bratteau began to think how he might learn something about the precious broking business; and while his mind was absorbed with the subject, a man about thirty years of age walked into the store, and in a rather loud voice asked: "Is the boss in?" Bratteau asked him why he wanted to see the boss and the man replied: "I am a jewelry salesman and I also worked in a frame shop. I want a job." Bratteau looked him over and said: "Return tomorrow morning; there might be a job for you then.

During the day the real estate agent called to collect a month's rent, and Bootsman begged him to postpone the collection of the rent for two weeks and he would then pay it to him as well as give him a present of an extra dollar for his kindness.

Bootsman thought that he could start landing money from the sum he had already laid aside for the purpose of paying the store-rent. The collector consented.

The following day the man who was looking for

a job called again and Pratemann said to him: "I have very little cash money, and I want to start a pawn-shop in connection with my small jewelry business, would you be willing to help me? I cannot pay you anything or very much as wages, but I will pay you every week a percentage from the net profits."
The man said that he had to live, and seven Dollars a week was the least amount he could get along on. He was willing to help Pratemann start

and attend to the pawnbroking business, as well as make himself otherwise useful in the store, provided that the latter would allow him a drawing account of at least seven Dollars per week. To which arrangement Brother agreed.

Two days later in front of Bootleman's store were suspended three shiny "gold" balls, much larger in size than those in front of the store across the street. He had also procured the necessary pawnbroker's licence.

The man whom

~~Brateann~~ Arthur had engaged to assist him was quite active and capable, and under his watchful eye the pawnbroking business flourished, so much so in fact that at the end of three months ~~Brateann~~ Arthur voluntarily offered him a drawing account of twelve dollars per week.

On Christmas Eve, after a lapse of only seven months since he started the pawnbroking business, he presented to his assistant a twenty dollar gold piece and invited him to his home for dinner and Christmas day.

On Christmas day Brotherson's assistant, whose name was Mr. Pfister, found himself in a home every nook and corner of which displayed cleanliness, order and comfort; and to enhance his pleasure, he was invited to Mrs. Brotherson's, one son and one daughter with whom he became enraptured instantly.

Shortly after dinner, he asked his host and hostess whether they would accord him the liberty to ask their daughter, Miss Brotherson, to go to some theatre with him. They had no objection, of course,

and before he had time to ask the girl, she said, "It will be a pleasure for me to join you first as soon as I get dressed." Half an hour later Minna and Gloria left the house.

During the absence Mrs. ~~Janette Bratenum~~ Baker said to her husband, "Vladimir, you know what is on my mind?" The latter instantly replied: "You like that young man, my assistant Max. Well, so do I; in fact, to me he is worth his weight in gold."

Thereupon they both gave heavy sighs, but neither

spoke another word.

During their walk home from the theatre, Mirza and Elmar decided to join some other people New Year's Eve at a respectable place, to a dinner and dancing "frolicking" added the latter "I can persuade my parents to let me go! I have never been anywhere without them!" And as soon as they were in the house, the girl asked her parents for permission to go with Mirza New Year's Eve and without any hesitation they gave their consent.

Six months later Frank and Gloria were married. Prior to that event the growing business made it necessary for Brotherson to enlarge the store, and also to add two more salesmen and helpers.

As soon as the store was enlarged, Brotherson made his future son-in-law a full partner in the business.

Three years after enlarging his store, Brotherson began to have all sorts of aches and pains, and Physicians advised him to go to California

after consulting his wife and his son-in-law he decided to obey the Physicians' orders and left for California.

When he arrived in the state he visited Los Angeles and San Francisco, and he decided to make his temporary home in the latter city. Three months later he requested his wife to join him here.

Victor Bonheim was always a studious young man. After graduating from a high school, he entered Columbia University with the object of acquiring a Ph. D. degree as well as

an M. S. degree.

He was about to graduate as Physician when his father left New York for California and when his mother left New York to join her husband in California, he joined her "just for the trip, mother dear" he said.

After staying about ten days with his father and mother in San Francisco, Mina decided to visit various places in California.

~~After being away~~ About two weeks, during which time he visited many places and

interesting sights he returned to San Francisco.

On the day of his return he said to his parents, "I had no idea that California was such a beautiful state, and I doubt if there is another place in this planet where the climate is so invigorating as it is here. I have a strong notion to establish myself in this very city, San Francisco. What do you two say?" His parents, of course, having no ties the more congenial than their own said "We have no objection; on the contrary, it would be a pleasant

as well as an honor to have you with us. Do just as you like, since you have to live your own life."

The father also added the following: "You I have plenty of money, and, if it should take you ten years before you earn enough for yourself, or even if you should in the meantime acquire a family, you will not have to worry. Your mother and sisters are already well secured, financially, for the future, and over you are the only one left whose future I am anxious to secure."

Page 21 Victor lost no time in making inquiries how to go about securing the necessary license to practice medicine, and as soon as he had filed his application therefor he looked around for offices.

Having graduated from the medical department of Columbia University which was then located in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York he had no difficulty of securing the necessary medical license. But he was not satisfied with the prospect of becoming a mere

general medical practitioner. He was anxious of perfecting himself in some special branch of medicine. Therefore, he consulted two eminent physicians, then practicing in San Francisco. Both advised him to take a post graduate course, of at least one year's duration, in Vienna, at a certain eye and ear clinic.

He told his parents what he had been advised to do, and the what his ambitions were for a contented future.

Being ambitious that

and also the return of his mother to New York. He lost no time and immediately returned to New York.

After sojourning in the latter city about two weeks, he induced his mother to return with him to San Francisco.

About one year after he opened his medical office, he married. He became the best known eye and ear specialist and he had enjoyed a lucrative practice. In 1919, he sold and relinquished his office and medical practice to [illegible] and became and is the [illegible] of his profession in the medical specialty of his father's [illegible].

Ever since should become at least one of the best practitioners in his chosen profession, they told him to abide by the advice of the two physicians, whom he had consulted and to leave as soon as he got ready to make the journey to Vienna.

After attending various eye and ear clinics in Vienna, he visited and registered as a special student in various other clinics in Europe, notably in Berlin, one in London, and one in Paris. While in the latter city, he was informed of the death of his father,

Miss Nicoluescu was born in Bucurest, the Capital of Roumania, which is a beautiful city. One long shopping street, known as Calea Victoriei extends from the Chaussee to the river. The Palace and two big hotels are situated on that street. There are numerous shops, which flaunt superfluities at profitable prices.

Some of the Roumanians who live in the larger cities are rich and love to dawdle in the hotels and cafes at noon and afternoon drinking "Tuica" and lounging--men and women alike--against the plate-glass windows, which reflect both their own profiles and the silhouettes of passers-by. Street cabs roll smoothly here on rubber tires, and the coachmen resplendent in blue velvet and scarlet sashes have a regal appearance. Life is childishly simple. They wake late in the morning, and stroll towards the Chaussée at twelve.

Bucarest has several parks, two are pretty and one alone is fashionable. This latter is the Chaussée, a sort of "Champs Elysées" but it leads out into the open country instead of towards a Bois. Here lead all roads where motors travel, and here, towards evening end all Roumanian "perfect days", for the whole population of the town drives or strolls in the sunset.

The hotels are primitive for a country which inclines instinctively towards display of luxury.

The house in which Miss Nicoluescu dwelt was very comfortable and they had two servants. She belonged to a family who enjoyed a

good reputation. Her father was a highly intellectual man. He was a newspaper writer, and her mother was also an educated lady. Both of them tried to give their six children (two girls and four boys) a good education. Her mother spent all of her time guiding and teaching them the meaning of honor, morality, cooperation as well as to see clearly the real interests and results of their deeds.

She (Miss Nicoluescu) was the oldest of the girls. On her twelfth birthday her dear father died suddenly, and soon their troubles began. The money the father left dwindled away quickly. Her mother, who was brought up in luxury, and during her marriage also had more than the necessary daily needs faced the situation discouragingly.

After a few years of struggle and despair, the informant's oldest brother (Gluica) went to the United States. He remained in New York, where he got a position in a bank as foreign correspondent. Depriving himself of almost everything he saved up enough money to send a ticket for his sister.

Arriving in New York she met with nothing but reverses. She could not get an office position as she expected to do before leaving for the United States, nor any other suitable position. She therefore had to take a maid's job, which made her feel somewhat inferior in her own estimation. For several years she worked as hard as she could, going also to night school, and having saved up some money she came out to San Francisco, hoping to ameliorate her situa-

tion. But to her great regret she met only with disappointments until last year, 1933, when she got a position as secretary with the C.W.A. and when that was discontinued she was transferred to another Federal position.

Last time I saw her she exclaimed: I can't tell you how happy I am at present, and the cause of it is that I do the work I love to do. I am content and contentment is the basis of happiness.

X was born in Caracatu, Roumania of middle class people. His father was in the police force. He says he remembers little of importance that happened before his eighth year. He went to private schools until he was sixteen. Then he came to New Orleans with friends. He made his way to California and is now working as a cook.

His wife was born in Poesti of Hungarian and Roumanian parents. Her father was a foundry worker. From her mother and in school she learned needle work. Always fond of housework, she came here as a housemaid. Nothing can induce her to go back as she likes it here very much. She is insisting that things are better and as she talks you hear often her remark, "I don't know; who knows."

The pair are planning to visit Roumania soon. The parents are no longer living, but brothers and sisters that did not want to come here are still there.

The boys in Roumania are not so interested in sports as they are here. Gymnastics is about the only sport. There is not much recreation there as studies during school terms take up almost all of the free hours. Girls are very industrious. Often you see spinning wheels busily at work. All is hand work. The girls do very much embroidery in color. Black, red, yellow and many bright colors are used to make necessary clothing. All is

made out of linen and embroidered. They start on their trousseau when about six years old. All their work is greatly treasured. Even the linens for men's shirts are embroidered in color.

RUMANIANS

Racial and Historical Backgrounds (incomplete)

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RUMANIAN NATION

According to Istoria Romaniei, the favorite Rumanian school history, by N. Iorga, the first documents which mention Rumanians in what later became the kingdom date from the 12th century. A Byzantine chronicler tells us that in the year 1166 a Byzantine army was aided in a battle against the Hungarians by a "numerous host of Wallachs, ancient Italian colonists." Shortly afterward, two Wallachian brothers, Peter and Azan, built up a powerful Bulgaro-Rumanian kingdom. The third brother, Ionitza (Jack) was recognized by the Pope as Emperor of the Bulgarians and Wallachs, and succeeded in capturing Baldwin, Latin Emperor of Constantinople. But his successor, John Asan II, was beaten by the Hungarians in 1230 at Widdin, and Wallachia remained a fief of the Hungarian kings of the house of Arpad. Under King Bela IV there is mention of a certain Seneslav as Voyevode (chief) of Greater Wallachia; his grandson Bessarab established a principality of Lesser Wallachia, and later (1290) set his capital at Argesh. From 1301-08 Hungary was without a stable government, and Bessarab was enabled to establish what became the Principality of Wallachia, under nominal Hungarian overlordship. In the middle of that century, a Voyevode named Bogdan came over from the Maramuresh and founded the Principality of Moldavia, extending from the Dniester river and the Carpathians to the Black Sea.

THE NOMADIC CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE

These two principalities are the first flowering of Rumanian people. Until this time the Rumanians (called Wallachs or Dacians) had been nomadic shepherds, over-ruled, in turn, by the Greeks, the Romans, and the successive hordes of Goths, Huns, and Avars. They had pastured

their flocks on the mountain meadows during the summer, and driven them down to the plains in the winter, while there families had dwelled in scattered farms and villages along the upper water-courses, and preserved their language, costume and traditions. This seems the easiest explanation of the astounding vitality of the Rumanian people, over which have rolled so many waves of invasion without affecting their most intimate characteristics. The severe climate and harsh living conditions of these mountain fastnesses have given them the temper of steel which has at length enabled them to issue victorious as the leading people, both actually and in their possibilities, of southeastern Europe.

THE STERN SCHOOL OF NATURE

RUMANIANS -- A HYBRID "RACE"

Even during the prehistoric times the Rumanians seem to have been a mixed race (both long and short skulls have been brought to light at Cucuteni, where excavations have been conducted by Bucharest anthropologists).

EARLY MENTIONS OF THE TERRITORY AND ITS INHABITANTS

When we reach the period of ancient historians, we find the territory of the western Balkans and the Carpathian region occupied by three peoples, the Illyrians, the Macedonians, and the Dacians. The Macedonians were early Hellenized, and carried Greek civilization in every direction. But the sturdy Dacians were never brought to accept the Greek tongue. They maintained their independence long after the power of the Romans had subjugated the Illyrians and the Macedonians.

ROMAN RULE IN DACIAS (RUMANIA)

It was not until the beginning of the second century of our era that the brave Dacian king Decebalus was finally vanquished and slain, after two campaigns. Roman elements, however, had long before this been filtering into Dacia, and Latin had already been widely used. Now, after the conquest, Roman colonists werebrought in from all parts of the Roman dominion, and Dacia -- or rather the Dacias --

became provinces of the Roman Empire. They covered just about the present area of Greater Rumania; but intense Romanization seems to have affected only Banat, Transylvania and western Wallachia, to judge by the Roman inscriptions and relics of Roman roads. The present Dobrudja had come earlier under Roman sway. It was here that Ovid had been banished by Augustus to Tomi (Constantza); and his significant line

> Hac arat infelix, hac tenet arma manu (here plows the unfortunate, here he keeps holding his weapon in his hands)

is a synthesis of the whole of Rumanian history, in its picture of the poor peasant's devotion to his plow in the midst of enemies.

For a century and a half the Dacias remained Roman, and the Latin tongue supplanted the old Thraco-Illyrian, while adopting some of its commonest words. Then followed a series of invasions which lasted some two thousand years by the Goths, Huns Avars and others, And, as we have already seen, these were followed by the establishment of the two principalities which later became the Rumanian kingdom. The history of these principalities is the history of the "heroic age" of the Rumanian people. Hemmed in by powerful enemies - Hungary, Poland, Turkey - they were inevitably drawn into their quarrels. Also they fought one another. In 1862, the two principalities were united under the rule of Alexander Cuza, he bearing the title of "Prince of the United Principalities." Four years later in 1866 a foreign prince, Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was called to the throne, a new constitution was drawn, and the kingdom of Rumania was established. A large number of Rumanians, however, lived in a territory belonging to Hungary, until the Peace Treaty following the World War which resulted in the formation of the present-day Rumania.

THE "HEROIC AGE" OF RUMANIA

LATER DEVELOPMENTS

As we have seen, the Rumanians are mixed origin, but today

THE LANGUAGE - STEMMING FROM LATIN

they must be classified as a Romance people. Their language is Roman, though their civilization sprang from Constantinople -- and their art and architecture stem from Persia, Turkey, Armenia and Georgia. Rumanian presents much analogy to English. English is a teutonic tongue in which the nouns have dropped all declension signs except the genitive and the plural; the Teutonic vocabulary is outnumbered by words from French and other languages; there is some remnant of the primitive Celtic of Britain; nevertheless, in ordinary intercourse three-quarters of the words are pure Anglo-Saxon. In the same way, Rumanian is a Romance language (like Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French) in which the Latin nouns have lost their declension except again the genitive (and dative) form, and the vocative (all the others having lost even these), and the plural; Slav, Hungarian, Turkish and other foreign words outnumbered those coming from Latin; there is a certain number of words which doubtless are derived from the primitive Thracian; however, in everyday speech over three-quarters of all the words are of Latin stock. This survival of Latin out here in the East is most remarkable, for the Romans held Dacia only five or six generations: then all connection with the western Latin world was cut; the country was flooded with Slavs (who for centuries dominated in church and government) and with Huns and Turks; and Rumanian was never written for over a thousand years. It goes without saying that the language was deeply affected in fundamentals by Slav infiltration. Yet it remains distinctly a Romance language.

RELIGION

As regards religion, the Rumanians are the only Romance people who belong to the Greek Orthdox Church.

Causes for Emigration

DECLINE OF PASTORAL LIFE AND RISE OF AGRICULTURE

Rumania was (and in some measure it still is) for centuries regarded by its neighbors as a country of shepherds. The nineteenth century, however, thrust the picturesque figure of the shepherd into the background: sheep raising and pasturing grew less and less important, giving place to agriculture. The average immigrant from Rumania is agricultural in his origin, his education and his ambition.

HIGH MORTALITY

The Rumanian peasant is known for his high power of resistance to extremes of weather and to bad sanitary conditions; nevertheless, these have always taken their toll. Before the war, the coefficient of mortality in the Kingdom was 25.3, and one half of these were children under five. This sad record was exceeded only by Russia.

MISERY AND REVOLT OF THE PEASANTS

Serfdom prevailed for many centuries. And when, in the 1806, serfdom was nominally abolished, the peasant still remained, for all practical purposes, a slave. For the privilege of tilling his few paltry acres, he had to give his landlord 14 days a year of work with oxen and plow, and about 72 days of individual labor. He had to leave his harvest lying till the landlord selected his share, and it often spoiled. In 1848, uprisings among the peasants led to the provision that the land-owner should have only ten days in which to make his selection, and that local courts should be created with jurisdiction over disputes between master and peasants; but these measures proved tragically inadequate.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL "REVOLUTION"

Other so-called "reforms," for instance those by Cuza, Prince of the United Principalities, in 1862, had little or no effect onthe fundamental misery of the peasant. A crisis, following the hard years 1906-07, brought matters to a head, and the desperate peasants rose in

what amounted to a revolution. The army's loyalty was sorely tried, for they had to fire on their own fathers and brothers, but the uprising was suppressed; and the government set about more reforms, which, though helping to keep down the revolt, left the situation far from healthy.

FIRST EMIGRANTS

The first adventurous peasant immigrants from Rumania arrived inthe New World between the Years 1870 and 1875. But the first large party of Rumanian immigrants did not come until 1894. This flock was headed by a youth of eighteen, who had for several months travelled from village to village, recruiting members for his little army of hopefuls.

FIRST LARGE PARTY TO ARRIVE IN AMERICA

To find the steerage fare to New York was a superhuman task for theson of a peasant or hired man. Finally about sixty people pooled their resources, and started the journey. Petrescu, president of the Rumanian Club of San Francisco, says that of this party, one fourth eventually came to San Francisco.

APPALLING POVERTY OF PEASANTS EXPLAINS COMPARATIVELY SMALL NUMBER OF IMMIGRANTS

The poverty of the Rumanian peasant, especially in the province of Bessarabia, was and is even more appalling than that of the peasants in other Balkan countries. This explains why emigration from Rumania has been less extensive than from, say, Hungary and pre-war Serbia. Fewer unfortunates, in spite of their desire, have been able to find the means to travel into the Land of Promise.

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John was born in Besserabia. His family were grain merchants. He received a high school education, which he says was about the equivalent of finishing the first year or two of a college course in the United States.

He went into the Army when he was eighteen years old as a private, and worked himself up to a lieutenancy. He says that in the old Russian Army it was a common thing for high school graduates to rise from the ranks, as they were comparatively few and besides, had had the advantage of military training in school.

Just before the Russo-Japanese War, he resigned. He says it was partly to escape the war, and partly because he was tired of the army life and wanted to travel. His family was wealthy so he did not have to depend on the Army for a living.

He travelled for a year in Europe and the United States. Upon returning home he went into the grain business with a brother. He stayed there several years, but he had been very pleased with the United States and finally decided to go the States to live.

As he intended to continue in the grain business he located in a grain-producing state, Minnesota. He stayed there, except for a six months' visit to Russia, until 1912 and then moved to Oakland, California. Here he started a grocery store, running it until 1932, when he went broke. He had a good deal of his money invested in stocks, and lost it during the first part of the depression. He is

working on the S.E.R.A. now.

He has never married.

He is a small dark wiry looking man of about sixty-five. He is intelligent and seems to keep well informed on current topics. He says he reads a good deal.

He would not want to be in Besserabia under present conditions, but if it had not been taken away from Russia, he thinks he would like to go back.

He does not think that coming to America has made much change in him in culture, viewpoint, etc. He says his mode of life, aside from a few minor changes in food, etc. and the fact that he has been separated from his relatives, has been pretty much the same.

In the city of Buzen, Roumania, there dwelt a family whose members were envied by everyone who knew them. There were many good and sufficient reasons for envying them, but two of them were outstanding. The first reason was the fact that the head of that family, Mr. Michael K. was a successful business man, and the second reason was the acknowledged good character and super-intelligence of every member of that family.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. K., two sons and two daughters. One of the sons, after finishing a Lyceum course (some fifty years ago, a Lyceum course in Roumania was equivalent to a high school plus two years of a University course, in the United States), was sent to Munich, Germany, to study the art of portraiture; the other son was employed in his father's business which was known as an apothecary.

The older daughter was given in marriage to one of her father's employees who occupied the position of book-keeper and cashier; with that marriage went a large dowry. Shortly after the marriage, the young couple decided to establish themselves in a similar business to that of the young bride's father in another city. They selected for their future residence and business activity, a city known as Galatz and in due time they departed. Between the date of the young couple's marriage and the date of the opening of their own business establishment, some ten months el-

apsed. Being a new establishment amongst many older ones, the couple had dissipated their entire dowry and they appealed to the bride's father for more financial assistance. This the latter readily granted. But the longer the young couple remained in business, the worse became their financial condition.

One day the young husband told his wife that she must again appeal to her father for financial assistance and this she declined to do. Thereupon the husband gave his wife a terrible beating and threatened to leave her. Being a woman of refinement and good sense, and knowing the stigma that people would attach to herself, as well as the great grief that would befall upon her parents in the event that her husband left her, she yielded; and again, for the fourth time, appealed to her father for money. This process of beating his wife and threatening to leave her continued about three years. When the last appeal was made, the father confessed to his daughter and to his son-in-law that he could no longer advance any money, for the reason that the heavy advances he had made to them exhausted his credit and virtually made him a bankrupt. The very next day the young son-in-law disappeared.

Being grief-stricken at the turn matters took, the daughter told her father the reasons for her several appeals to him, and left everything to his own judgment. There was nothing else for the father to do than to close up the establishment and take his daughter back. But Mr. K. was indeed a bankrupt and not long af-

ter he took back his daughter and her one child, the creditors closed his business and a bankruptcy court disposed of it. Thus, after a successful business career during a period of about thirty years, Mr. K. and his family were faced by abject poverty, and aside from the poverty, that once envied family were grief and panic stricken from shame and humiliation.

To remain in Buzen and struggle with poverty as well as face old acquaintances and friends, was out of the question. Therefore, after a family consultation which included a step-brother of Mr. K.'s, it was decided that they should try to secure the necessary funds for their emigration to the United States. At that meeting Mr. K.'s step-brother promised to secure for them the required sum. In about six weeks, the entire K. family left their birthplace and native country for the friendly shores and melting pot of this entire planet Earth, namely, the United States of America.

When they landed in the United States all of Mr. K.'s children were of age, and the youngest daughter was about twenty years of age. The son who was a student at one of the Munich art schools, joined them at Berlin; he was twenty-five years of age. The younger son was twenty-two years of age.

Shortly after arriving in the United States they all sought and secured some kind of employment. Mr. C. became a peddler. After residing and working in New York City about one year the younger son went to Seattle where, in a very short time, he suc-

ceeded in establishing a furniture business which proved successful from the very beginning. The elder son who had some talent as a portrait painter went to Hollywood and in a short time, secured employment as a scenic painter in one of the movie studios. With both sons in the West, Mr. and Mrs. K. did not feel very contented in New York City, and having saved some money, Mr. K. decided to move to California. After conveying the information to his two sons of his decision, the elder son suggested to his father to locate in San Francisco where he intended to join the family.

Painting scenery, he admitted, was not to his liking, and therefore decided to quit. In San Francisco both father and son engaged in the business of manufacturing neckties. The business prospered until the year 1929.

Early in the year 1929, Mr. K. passed away, and, due to the depression, the younger K. had to liquidate the business. However, all of the members of that family were contented and happy ever since they came to the United States.

Mr. K. left surviving him, his wife, the two sons and four grandchildren. Two of the grandchildren, a son and daughter of the more or less artistic son graduated as architects, and today well established in their profession.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MULLER

John Muller, a native of Bucharest, Roumania, was an only son of a widowed mother. His education was superlative, to say the least. He not only had a thorough academic education, but he could also speak and write, fluently, six languages beside his own native Roumanian language.

At the age of twenty-four, he became a clerk in one of the largest banks of Bucharest and in the course of about two years he rose to the position of head of the department of Foreign Exchange.

The last World War, however, caught him as it were, in its grip; that is to say, he was drafted into the Roumanian army, despite the fact that he was the only son as well as the sole breadwinner of his widowed mother.

In due time, he was sent to one of the trenches where he lay, mostly in mud and well nigh starvation, for eight months. During that time he contracted various physical ailments, but chiefly a chronic one of indigestion. He could retain absolutely nothing of any food that he ate, and eventually became almost a corpse.

Having given up hope of either release from the trench or medical relief, he began to scheme how to escape from his predicament. He decided to desert the army. He could not, however, make up his mind how or by what means he might escape. After consider-

able mental speculation, he decided to take a chance and attempt to fraternize with some of the Russian soldiers, who occupied an opposite trench. By means of tobacco and various rations of food which he pilfered from some of his comrades, he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the good graces of a Russian Captain. It was not long before he found himself within Russian territory and also with a Russian Captain's uniform on his back. Thenceforward, although his movements through territory were slow, yet he succeeded, after about six months, in reaching Vladivostok. His chief aid, of course, was the fact that he spoke the Russian language fluently. He also had various credentials forged, of course, with which his Russian benefactor provided him.

From Vladivostok he hitched-hiked to Harbin, and after many months walking and travelling through he secured passage upon a freighter bound for the United States.

In 1916 he landed in the United States at San Francisco, sick, penniless and friendless. But one of Muller's type and background, both educationally and socially, immediately found himself surrounded by many friends, all of whom were of his own nationality.

For a period of about three months he was provided with all the necessaries of life, and some measure of entertainment, and to all appearances he had fully recovered. Thenceforward, the question confronted his friends what occupation he should embark

upon. It was out of the question for him to do heavy physical labor on account of his delicate health. Each friend proposed a different occupation until one of them suggested the securing of advice from a lawyer, a Roumanian by birth, who had not heard of Muller.

After consulting with the lawyer, the latter inquired into John Muller's business experiences in the past which led him to conclude that his client might secure a position in a bank. Thereupon the lawyer gave Muller a letter of introduction to the manager of a large San Francisco Bank, and the very next day he was at work as one of the many assistants in the Foreign Exchange Department.

Muller's salary was only ninety dollars per month the first year; the second year the bank paid him ninety-five dollars per month. During his second year with the bank, the latter acquired a new bank in one of the large Eastern cities, and the very manager who had given him employment was transferred to manage it. Thereupon Muller asked to be transferred also to the Eastern branch, and his request was granted. His salary with the bank in the East was one hundred five dollars per month.

After about six months with the Eastern bank, another bank in that city offered Muller the chief clerkship of its Foreign Exchange Department at a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. Needless to say, Muller immediately took up his new position, and for

a period of two years held it with entire satisfaction to his employers as well as himself.

For reasons which will never be known, however, Muller's trench ailment began to recur, and despite the proper medical care and attention, he succumbed on account of a spontaneous attack of acute indigestion.

While an employee with a large salary he had himself well insured for the benefit of his mother, who survived him and who is still residing in Roumania.

John Muller had fully intended to bring his mother to the United States, but in the words of one of our wise ancestors, "Man proposes and God disposes," or words to that effect.

L430

Karl was born in Roumainia, in a small village on the out skirts of Budapest. His parents had a very small, neat farm that rested in the sloping green hills of a fetile valley. They had an orchard, a few cows, many pigs and not very many chickens. Several generations of his family had lived on the farm, which his father had inherited from his father, etc. It was always conspicuously clean and looked particularly picturesque in the spring when the fruit trees where in blossom and the rolling hills velvety with new green grass.

The family consisted of the parents, two brothers and one sister. This family were classed as peasantry, but were fairly well to do farmers. The children were given an education in the schools and were well clothed and feed. As small children they all did their share helping with the work. The sister doing the milking and churning, the three boys assisting their father in the orchard.

Karl was the youngest of the children, his sister being the eldest. When Karl was twelve, his sister married and there was a traditional celebration in the village that lasted for two days. All of the neighboring farmers and their families participated in the feasting and dancing. The music was furnished by native talent and the prize fatted pigs were eaten. All life seemed very tranquil to Karl who was the most serious member of the family.

Not many months after this memorable celebration Karl's two brothers went to war, as did many other young sons in the village. The peaceful little valley became very saddened and the natives with taunt faces were gay no more. So months went by into years that brought no happiness. Karl's two brothers were killed and the family could only smile behind tears. The little farm seemed a great effort to keep running, though Karl was old enough to take on most of the responsibility. When the few fortunate sons returned to the village grief again tightned it's grip on the family and they decided to sell the farm and come to America where Karl's uncle and his family resided.

In 1920 the family landed in New York and from there went to the Pennsylvania farm of the uncles. Though not nearly as picturesque nor as fertile as the farm they had left, they did feel at home in their new surroundings. Karl was then twenty, a well developed youth with a likeable personality. For one year he stayed on the farm, helping his uncle, studying English in his spare time, and learning American ways and habits. His uncle sold butter, milk and eggs to the stores and it was Karl's job to deliver these. One day a grocery man offered him a job as clerk, paying him a small wage, but Karl eagerly accepted. He seemed to get along very well with the customers who liked his reserved and pleasant manners. During the three years in the grocery store Karl received several substantial raises. He decided that it might be well if he opened a small store of his own and after talking the matter over with his parents he decided to open a store to handle just the dairy products of his uncle's farm. His venture was successful but after he had been in business a little more than a year his uncle sold his farm and the entire family came to California to settle in Arcadia.

Here, in this new setting, the family felt that they were closer to the memories of Roumainia. The farm was smaller so there was not much work to be done after the early morning hours. Karl was restless and wanted to find a job for himself. His first opportunity came when

one of the neighbor farmers had to have some one to drive a truck to haul the products to market. Karl was paid well for this and the experience was to his benefit. His neighbor took a liking to Karl and told him that he had an interest in a wholesale produce company in San Francisco and would give him a place in that business. This offer Karl accepted and came to San Francisco within a few months. He took his responsiblities seriously and proved to be a valuble employee.

Since he came to San Francisco he has taken out his citizenship papers and is now an American. Also he is now a partner in the produce company and has never regretted leaving Roumainia.

A. F. Winkoff.

John Lupescu, age forty-one, married, and the father of three children, left his native country Roumania in 1910 and emigrated to the United States.

At first he settled in New York, but on the account of an infection of the throat, he was advised to go to California. Having saved some money while working at his trade as a tailor, he was able to take his family with him. In due time they arrived in San Francisco.

Tailoring was not Lupescu's original occupation. He acquired that trade in New York. Before emigrating to the United States, he was a merchant on a small scale. After spending some time trying to secure a job in any kind of a mercantile establishment he was unsuccessful because of his inability to speak the English language. Therefore he paid an established tailor a specified sum to teach him the tailoring trade as well as the business end of it. In about one year he was able to take a customer's measure, cut the cloth, do some sewing, especially on coats, and fit the garments. When the suits were finished not only were the customers well satisfied, but he himself had a certain degree of pride. In other words, he tried his utmost ingenuity to become a master of the tailoring business.

With that equipment and a small amount of money after arriving in San Francisco, he decided to open a small store and shop

of his own.

The first year Lupescu struggled hard to get a foothold, but he had no contracts. One day it was necessary for him to secure some papers of identification for transmissal to Roumania, where one of his uncles had left him a small legacy. After making some inquiries he was advised to consult a lawyer and he was directed to one of the most prominent ones in San Francisco.

He called at the lawyer's office and before the interview ended the latter asked him: "Who made that suit of clothes you have on?" Lupescu's answer naturally was "I made it myself. I am a tailor."

Shortly thereafter the lawyer and two of his associates called upon Lupescu for a suit of clothes for each one. It was not not after the suits were delivered to the three lawyers that Lupescu began to feel that his success was assured. Within one year he had enlarged both his store and shop and instead of employing only two or three workmen he had to employ a dozen.

In 1917, his only son, who was handling the bookkeeping of Lupescu's tailoring business was drafted into the army and shortly afterwards was sent to France with the first contingent. Some three months thereafter Lupescu received notice to the effect that Michael Lupescu, age twenty-four, was killed in an automobile accident. Thenceforward Lupescu lost all interest in his tailor-

ing enterprise as well as even his life. For about one year his wife and one of his daughters did their utmost to keep up the prosperous tailor shop and they also engaged more or less competent assistance, but neither of them understood the art of tailoring, nor did the assistants whom they had hired. Therefore they lost the best customers and they were about to quit entirely.

Fate and fortune, however, seemed to favor Lupescu. The constant care and devotion bestowed upon hom by his other daughter brought him to an almost normal state of health. He was atleast freed from the almost daily recurrence of a lasting melancholy. Hence, he gradually began to again take an interest in his business, and by keeping himself constantly occupied with one or another of the many phases and details of his business he fully recuperated. From time to time he sent circulars to his former customers, making many personal calls, and in due time he not only saved his business, but he succeeded in regaining most of his customers.

In 1925 both of Lupescu's daughters were married, one to a lawyer and the other to a merchant. To each of his daughters he gave a wedding gift of five thousand dollars. In 1929, however, another sad event happened in Lupescu's life. First, his son-in-law, the merchant, left his wife and two children in destitute circumstances for parts unknown, and the day before he disappeared he had assigned his business to the Board of Trade for the bene-

fit of his creditors. Secondly, his other son-in-law, the lawyer, had a stroke of paralysis and Lupescu had to provide the means of living for that family of five.

It was impossible for Lupescu from 1929 and thereafter to supply all the money required by practically three families; therefore, after consulting his wife, he decided to rent a large house where they all could live together and manage somehow. After all were established in the new home, the lawyer passed away within two months.

Having done an extensive credit business, Lupescu gradually discovered that most of his customers were financially unable to pay their bills and new paying customers became scarcer as the days and weeks and months passed. Finally, not being himself able to meet his financial obligations, he was obliged to turn his business over to the Board of Trade for the benefit of his creditors.

But Lupescu had nine mouths to feed and to shelter, and to provide with the other necessities of life. How to do so and how to secure the necessary amount of money for the purpose, became his chief problem. He began calling upon every merchant tailor for any sort of work they might be in need of or care to engage him for, but there was no opening nor any chance of there being one. Gradually Lupescu lost all interest in life and became despondent. His wife and two daughters, however, managed to se-

cure a few necessities of life and also borrowed money through a charitable organization and in the course of time both daughters engaged in a small millinery business that became famous for its artistic ladies' millinery. Having inherited from their father artistic tendencies, the two daughters not only developed them, but they also capitalized their ingenuity. In other words, their business became profitable far beyond their expectations. After being in business only about three years they bought the home in which they lived, sent their father and mother on a long pleasure trip, and were able to hire two maids in their home, one to take care of the children, and one to be the housekeeper and cook.

It is perhaps needless to add that no charitable organization is refused a subscription by Lupescu's two daughters.

I was born in Piatra-olti, Rumania, and went to private schools. My grand-parents lived in Craiova and every vacation I went there. The house on the strada Mihel was near the parcul Bibescu, one of the nicest place outside Sinai in the East. Not far from Craiova I had one uncle in Orsova and I often went there as I had fun watching the custom officers on duty. Well school there is, I think, the same as a boarding school here. We had fun in our own way even though we only could stay outside four hours with permission. Very few times my parents or my uncle did drive up to see me. Well,when I was fifteen I could converse in French as well as a Frenchman. We have French from ten years and study German also from about the age of twelve, but I can't manage that.

I think everybody wants to go to Paris in my part of the country, everybody who has enough banis. We had a store and I was twice with my parents in Bucarest. It is called Little Paris, but I did not like it. I was good in figures and so I went to work in the bank (being what you call a teller here) for two years and met very few strangers, as you know only salesmen or artists and a few engineers are here and no tourists.

When I had served six years in military service I went to Paris in a store where the proprietor was a friend of ours and stayed there until 1923. I went home in May as my father died,

and I settled my affairs. Then I left with my mother for Paris. We decided to try our luck in America, as we had sold out and understood you could make good business in America. When we arrived in New York we were as ignorant as could be and so we did stay at what you call the bowery, I think. Soon we found a few Roumanians and the ins and outs about keeping a store. After a couple of months we were near Third and Canal Streets, having a little store with men's furnishings--sort of a haberdashery.

Everything went fine, but when I lost my mother, I felt rather lonesome and sold out and had everything ready to go to California. Well it was strange for me to move, but I thought I would forget quicker, as I could not very well manage all alone. In San Francisco I had nothing but bad luck. First I went into partnership with a lady and lost out the better part of my money as she left me flat with bills to pay, which I had long been thinking had been paid. Well, I opened up another store and had a haberdashery down Market Street. I ran across another woman and it was I that paid dearly for that. I had her in the shop and to make the story short she went off with a customer and as much cash as was left as she had this planned and got away with it.

I am a single man now and think that I will soon move to the East again as I just made the discovery that I have no more cash to start here and the few belongings I own will carry me to

New York. I should say depression and women hit me hard here. You see I never did know that here it goes up and down, but certainly I am not down yet. I just learned my lesson. I think in about four months I will have everything settled here and I find only one way out if I don't want to taste the worst here. It was a big surprise to me to see the United States in a depression. In small stores I think you see the customers dwindle first. I thought never to see miseries here as only old Europe is known for near pauper state and everybody in Europe is looking upon the United States as the country with the most money circulating.

As long as a person has cash, the whole world is only a small city and everyone can move wherever one likes to shift. I have not come in touch with many Roumanians here (in San Francisco). Over in New York there are more and in Paris you find them all year round.

Yes, I did once take out first papers here, but when business became bad, I let it go. I see, with money you can get everything everywhere except peace. I think a fellow of my age ought to marry and many a sorrow would never appear. I trust times for everybody here will change soon because I think it is about time for a little sunshine for all things in this world. I have nothing to complain about--everything here is but on a gambling table. One can take it or leave it.

A.C. was born in 1901 in the city of Braila, Roumania. Her father was Roumanian and her mother a Turk who became a Christian upon her marriage. Her father was a government official of the province. A's life was spent in the official society of which her father and mother were leaders. When she was about ten years old she begged her father to let her accompany him on his travels. She travelled extensively through the old kingdom of Roumania. Much of the travelling was done on horseback or in rude peasant carts. She, therefore, at an early age absorbed the wealth of folk-lore of the Roumanian countryside.

She knows all the folk customs and their history and the reason they exist. She knows the correct ways to embroider and cross-stitch the peasant embroideries. She started at the age of fifteen to collect folk-songs and she has an amazing collection.

At the age of sixteen she was sent to Paris to complete her education. She studied French language, literature and music. For three years she remained in Paris, all during the exciting days of the armistice and peace negotiations.

When she returned to Roumania, it was to a greater Roumania. She continued her studies of folk customs and music and travelled throughout Bessarabia and Transylvania. In 1926 she married an aviator in the Roumanian army. Not long after, because of some trouble with his superior officers, he resigned his commission

and left the country. He went first to Constantinople where he soon fell in with a company of Jewish merchants and he accompanied them as advisor and secretary to India and China.

In Shanghai he felt that his life was wrong and that he should build anew. So he sent for his wife and together they sailed for America, landing in San Francisco in July 1929. They soon found themselves in dire straits. They could not contact anyone whom they considered of their class. They had no one of any education or culture with whom to talk. They had no money for theatres or books or music, and they even had scarcely enough to eat. In desperation, A. appealed to the Y.W.C.A., with the work of which she was familiar through her contacts with it in Roumania. They gave her a chance to organize classes in folk dancing and also a market for her peasant embroideries.

In 1931 her husband obtained a job as a mechanic in the Ford plant in Oakland. He has worked himself up to a fine position, because of his knowledge of aeroplane engines. After two years of hard work by both of them, they were able to buy a home in Oakland and to raise their financial conditions to a level of security.

A. still does colorful embroideries in her spare time which she sells to a shop in town. She also gives concerts and presentations of folk dancing for clubs and private parties. She has a stunning collection of Roumanian costumes. Once a year, at the

Roumanian ball she wears one of these costumes, and sings the songs of her country. Both she and her husband have become American citizens and are grateful to this country for a new life. They have one child, a girl of four. It is the wish of the parents that she may be a good American and yet love the country of her ancestry. Already she can dance the old country dances and sing some of the simpler folk songs.

Jacob Mathias was one of the handsomest men in Roumania. His birthplace was in the city of Bucharest. His father was a church deacon and he had a number of children.

When Jacob was twenty-five years of age, he was appointed a telegraph operator and assigned to one of the government's offices. This was an unusual honor (sixty or more years ago) for one of Jacob's age. As a telegraph operator in one of the government's offices he had to wear a uniform and cap with much gold-braid.

It may be that psychologists know the reason why many of the human female sex crave the companionship of men who wear uniforms and caps with gold-braid, or even only with brass buttons, but even Jacob Mathias admits that they do. At any rate, after he donned the uniform with gold-braid and secured practically a life position, a few daughters of wealthy families and some others whose families were not so rich but just comfortable, were sending matchmakers to him. But Jacob had an eye for, in fact, he became infatuated with, a married lady about his own age, who was also one of the Roumanian beauties.

In Roumania the winters are long and the days are short, and life for the idle, or almost idle, humans, is rather monotonous. Therefore, during the winter months hardly a week passes without one or two masquerade balls where the elite re-

gale themselves with "wine, women (or men), and song." Dancing is merely a side recreation for the lover, or would-be lover, during which they make appointments for clandestine meetings. At all the masquerade balls may be found many of the rich and some government functionaries and such other who belong to neither class yet by some chance secure invitations and tickets for admission.

Jacob, being a government functionary, could secure entree to any one of the many masquerade balls, and also secure tickets for a friend. To one of them Jacob contrived to invite the married lady who had often seen him pass her house. When passing the house, which was usually at a definite time of the day, if Jacob saw the lady at a window, he would raise his official cap, which was trimmed with a wide gold-braid, by way of greeting her. Needless to say that must have pleased the lady for she often bowed her head low in recognition of Jacob's greeting. We do not know what excuse the lady gave to her husband for absenting herself from home that evening, but, according to Jacob's information, the lady did appear at the ball fully masked. At the ball she recognized her newly found friend by the costume he wore, a description of which was contained in the invitation he had contrived to place in her possession.

There is an old proverb in Roumania to the effect that, if a breakable vessel is used often enough, it will somehow

break after a certain length of time. And so it was with the unnamed lady's erstwhile happy home. That is to say, the oftener she met Jacob, the more enamored she became of him and vice versa, and in due time she and her husband separated. That event cost Jacob his government position, as the lady's husband filed charges against him with the government. In due time, also, the lady's husband secured a divorce and the custody of their one child. Not long after the divorce, the government discharged Jacob from his, practically, life-job.

As soon as he was discharged by the government, Jacob married the divorcee and together they emigrated to the United States and settled in New York city.

In Roumania the telegraph system was, in Jacob's day, and for all that the writer knows to the contrary, still is, a government monopoly. Therefore, having been discharged by reason of moral terpitude, Jacob not being capable of earning a living for himself and his wife by means of his profession, to say nothing of the disgrace he deliberately brought upon his own near and dear (parents, brothers, sisters, friends, etc.) he had to leave the country.

In the United States Jacob had to familiarize himself with the English language. (He had a smattering knowledge of it before leaving Roumania.

As soon as he did so, a Roumanian, who had befriended him

and who was long a resident in New York city, succeeded in securing for him a position with the Elevated Railroad System of that city as a ticket seller and also a telegraph operator. Jacob's weekly wages at the beginning were nominal, for the reason that he only worked extra shifts, sometimes two or three days a week, but after about one year he secured a permanent night shift. The steady night shift made it possible for Jacob and his frugal wife to establish a nice hom for themselves.

For ten long years Jacob stuck to that position, the hours of which were from 7:00 P.M. until 7:00 A.M. and feeling that he could not endure it any longer, and having saved up about two thousand dollars, he first resigned, and then told his wife, that he had decided to establish himself in some business in California. He also told her that he selected San Francisco as their next place of residence. After disposing of such articles as could not be readily and profitably shipped to California, they left New York City.

Not having been a merchant, or knowing anything about mercantile matters, Jacob could not make up what business to engage in after he reached California, and his savings were disappearing fast. After a heart to heart talk with his wife, the latter suggested to him to forget business and apply for a position with one of the telegraph companies. After revolving the matter in his own head for about a week, he did apply for a posi-

tion with a local telegraph company, and being an expert telegraph operator, as well as possessing first class credentials, he did not lose much time before he was engaged.

Jacob remained with the telegraph company until he reached the age of sixty-five years, and then he was retired on half pay.

Some individuals who know, or at any rate, think that they know, say that musicians are born, but never, or seldom made. Of course, it depends upon how one would define the word musician. Beethoven was a musician; but so also is designated one who can blow into a musical instrument or pound a piano. And yet what a vast difference between the two; in fact, one can hardly be excused for comparing the two "musicians".

Be that as it may, however, there is no doubt that George Iupescu was born a musician, and at the age of eight year he used to beg his father to buy him a violin. But his father was a more or less prosperous merchant in a small village mostly inhabited by gypsies, many of whom were ekeing out an existence by means of their screetching violins. Therefore, whenever George would implore his father to procure for him a violin, the latter used to say: "Son, there will be no gypsy in my family. Forget it." But, although a period of about sixty years elapsed since, George neither forgot about it, nor in his heart, forgave his father for it.

Besides the fact that most musicians were gypsies in Iupescu's native country Roumania, there was also a sort of social ostracism existant for any white male who took lessons in music. The males in a family were trained so that they could

carry on their father's trade or profession. In other words, geniuses, even though born such, were not at all encouraged. Therefore, our subject of this biography had to study subjects in which he was not at all interested.

It is a trite saying that a horse can be led to a trough but it cannot be made to drink, and so Lupescu, although he went to school regularly, absorbed very little of the many subjects he was taught. A time came when he could no longer inhale the atmosphere of a schoolroom, and one day he decided to disappear. But where to go, and what to do he had no conception until something took place that gave him an idea.

In Roumania, as perhaps in other countries, an army regiment has a full musical band attached to it. One day a regiment was passing through the town where Lupescu lived and while the train on which the regiment was entrained was at the station awaiting orders to proceed, the band was playing marches, waltzes and other musical compositions. After the band ceased playing and the train started to move, the idea came to George Lupescu to join that regiment's musical band. One day George walked the six kilometers to the next town where that regiment was transported to occupy the army post.

The Kapelmeisters (directors, or leaders) of army musical bands in Roumania were always eager to recruit young boys, because they became good musicans. The average mature and raw

recruit who was assigned to the musical band was well nigh impossible to train. Moreover, by the time the mature recruit was taught to play a musical instrument more or less satisfactorily, his term of compulsory military service was nearly at an end, but the youngsters who voluntarily enrolled in the army musical bands were invariably intelligent and quick to learn. Therefore, when George Lupescu presented himself for voluntary service in the army band, he was enrolled instantly.

After being accepted and enrolled and dressed in a uniform, Lupescu discovered that an army musical band had neither violins nor any other kind of string instruments, not even pianos. After discussing the matter with the band leader, Lupescu told him that he wanted to quit and return home, but the band leader said to the new recruit: "You can neither quit nor return home. You are now a full fledged soldier, and you must obey orders. My order is that you shall study either the clarinet or the flute. Choose either instrument as you have no other alternative." Two days later our George Lupescu was blowing into a clarinet with all his strength. In less than six months Lupescu was a good clarinet player.

Having discovered that Lupescu had talent for music, the leader of the musical band assigned him to copy the notes of a musical band score, for each instrument. There was at that time only one printed score for an entire band or orchestra,

and the music for the various instruments had to be copied from the score for each instrument. This became Lupescu's daily occupation, in addition to playing in the band occasionally.

For about two years he stuck to his soldierly duty; but it wasn't the career he was anxious for. He wanted to be a composer of music and a first class violin or piano player. The clarinet was not the music instrument he cared to play, nor did he relish his other function, namely to copy from a score the notes for the various band instruments. Therefore, while he was visiting his home town on a short furlough, he confided in his father that soldier or no soldier, he had made up his mind to leave Roumania and go to America. At the same time he asked his father whether he could and would spare him enough money for the trip. The money was promised to him providing he himself would devise ways and means of crossing the border from Roumania into Galicia, which latter province was under the suzerainity of Austria-Hungary.

Before leaving, his father have him one hundred franks, and also a letter addressed to one of his friends and business associates who lived in Krakau, a town in Galicia. The letter was a request that a certain sum should be advanced to his son, George Lupescu, as soon as he reached that city. The elder Lupescu admonished his son to take good care of that letter as

well as have it well hidden in his clothing and as soon as he was ready to entrain for Berlin, to send a certain code telegram, the words of which the former handed to the latter, unsigned.

To cover a distance of about two hundred miles, it took George five days and many anxious moments, to say nothing of some bribe money which he had payed to a smuggler before he crossed the border between Roumania and Galicia. But he finally crossed the border, as well as escaped all hazards. Thereafter he was free to travel by means of a false passport.

In due time George reached New York City where he soon found many Roumanians, most of whom were ever anon ready and willing to help a new Roumanian immigrant. After resting a few days from the long journey (he was fifteen days on the "fast" steamer between Bremen and New York), he was "apprenticed" to a cap-maker, and in six weeks he learned the trade. He worked at that trade for about one year and in addition to the money he had left from the amount his father's friend and business associate of Krakau gave him, he had a total of about four hundred dollars.

While living in New York City he became acquainted with a man about two years older than himself, and the two decided to go to California where the "gold fever" had not fully abated. They landed in San Francisco, after travelling for weeks under a covered wagon, but they could not see any gold anywhere, ex-

cept in banks, or around a roulette wheel, or upon the bar of a saloon. They asked where they might pick up some gold, and they were told to take a pick and shovel and look for it somewhere in the mountains. They finally gave up the idea of picking gold in the streets, and they opsned a small book and stationery store. They were successful from the very beginning until the earthquake and fire of 1906 completely destroyed it. The insurance company which covered their business did not pay up, and George Lupescu and his partner were well-nigh penniless.

In San Francisco George married and had two children, both sons. The sons are today struggling for an existence and their father and mother are subjects of charity. Ever since the 1906 catastrophe in San Francisco George could not rehabilitate himself, and he tried hard enough.

Typed

The Rev. Frank Matthews explanation
between Frank and Frank's brother

The biography of Frank Matthews

Frank Matthews was one of the leading men in Rangoon. His birthplace was in the Irrawaddy Delta. His father was a school teacher and he had a [illegible]

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and some others whose families
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I was born in Piatra-olti, Rumania, and went to private schools. My grand-parents lived in Craiova and every vacation I went there. The house on the strada Mihel was near the parcul Ribescu, one of the nicest place outside Simai in the East. Not far from Craiova I had one uncle in Orsova and I often went there as I had fun watching the custom officers on duty. Well school there is, I think, the same as a boarding school here. We had fun in our own way even though we only could stay outside four hours with permission. Very few times my parents or my uncle did drive up to see me. Well, when I was fifteen I could converse in French as well as a Frenchman. We have French from ten years and study German also from about the age of twelve, but I can't manage that.

I think everybody wants to go to Paris in my part of the country, everybody who has enough banis. We had a store and I was twice with my parents in Bucarest. It is called Little Paris, but I did not like it. I was good in figures and so I went to work in the bank (being that you call a teller here) for two years and met very few strangers, as you know only salesmen or artists and a few engineers are here and no tourists.

When I had served six years in military service I went to Paris in a store where the proprietor was a friend of ours and stayed there until 1923. I went home in May as my father died,

and I settled my affairs. Then I left with my mother for Paris. We decided to try our luck in America, as we had sold out and understood you could make good business in America. When we arrived in New York we were as ignorant as could be and so we did stay at what you call the bowery, I think. Soon we found a few Roumanians and the ins and outs about keeping a store. After a couple of months we were near Third and Canal Streets, having a little store with men's furnishings--sort of a haberdashery.

Everything went fine, but when I lost my mother, I felt rather lonesome and sold out and had everything ready to go to California. Well it was strange for me to move, but I thought I would forget quicker, as I could not very well manage all alone. In San Francisco I had nothing but bad luck. First I went into partnership with a lady and lost out the better part of my money as she left me flat with bills to pay, which I had long been thinking had been paid. Well, I opened up another store and had a haberdashery down Market Street. I ran across another woman and it was I that paid dearly for that. I had her in the shop and to make the story short she went off with a customer and as much cash as was left as she had this planned and got away with it.

I am a single man now and think that I will soon move to the East again as I just made the discovery that I have no more cash to start here and the few belongings I own will carry me to

New York. I should say depression and women hit me hard here. You see I never did know that here it goes up and down, but certainly I am not down yet. I just learned my lesson. I think in about four months I will have everything settled here and I find only one way out if I don't want to taste the worst here. It was a big surprise to me to see the United States in a depression. In small stores I think you see the customers dwindle first. I thought never to see miseries here as only old Europe is known for near pauper state and everybody in Europe is looking upon the United States as the country with the most money circulating.

As long as a person has cash, the whole world is only a small city and everyone can move wherever one likes to shift. I have not come in touch with many Roumanians here (in San Francisco). Over in New York there are more and in Paris you find them all year round.

Yes, I did once take out first papers here, but when business became bad, I let it go. I see, with money you can get everything everywhere except peace. I think a fellow of my age ought to marry and many a sorrow would never appear. I trust times for everybody here will change soon because I think it is about time for a little sunshine for all things in this world. I have nothing to complain about--everything here is but on a gambling table. One can take it or leave it.

A.C. was born in 1901 in the city of Braila, Roumania. Her father was Roumanian and her mother a Turk who became a Christian upon her marriage. Her father was a government official of the province. A's life was spent in the official society of which her father and mother were leaders. When she was about ten years old she begged her father to let her accompany him on his travels. She travelled extensively through the old kingdom of Roumania. Much of the travelling was done on horseback or in rude peasant carts. She, therefore, at an early age absorbed the wealth of folk-lore of the Roumanian countryside.

She knows all the folk customs and their history and the reason they exist. She knows the correct ways to embroider and cross-stitch the peasant embroideries. She started at the age of fifteen to collect folk-songs and she has an amazing collection.

At the age of sixteen she was sent to Paris to complete her education. She studied French language, literature and music. For three years she remained in Paris, all during the exciting days of the armistice and peace negotiations.

When she returned to Roumania, it was to a greater Roumania. She continued her studies of folk customs and music and travelled throughout Bessarabia and Transylvania. In 1926 she married an aviator in the Roumanian army. Not long after, because of some trouble with his superior officers, he resigned his commission

and left the country. He went first to Constantinople where he soon fell in with a company of Jewish merchants and he accompanied them as advisor and secretary to India and China.

In Shanghai he felt that his life was wrong and that he should build anew. So he sent for his wife and together they sailed for America, landing in San Francisco in July 1929. They soon found themselves in dire straits. They could not contact anyone whom they considered of their class. They had no one of any education or culture with whom to talk. They had no money for theatres or books or music, and they even had scarcely enough to eat. In desperation, A. appealed to the Y.W.C.A., with the work of which she was familiar through her contacts with it in Roumania. They gave her a chance to organize classes in folk dancing and also a market for her peasant embroideries.

In 1931 her husband obtained a job as a mechanic in the Ford plant in Oakland. He has worked himself up to a fine position, because of his knowledge of aeroplane engines. After two years of hard work by both of them, they were able to buy a home in Oakland and to raise their financial conditions to a level of security.

A. still does colorful embroideries in her spare time which she sells to a shop in town. She also gives concerts and presentations of folk dancing for clubs and private parties. She has a stunning collection of Roumanian costumes. Once a year, at the

Roumanian ball she wears one of these costumes, and sings the songs of her country. Both she and her husband have become American citizens and are grateful to this country for a new life. They have one child, a girl of four. It is the wish of the parents that she may be a good American and yet love the country of her ancestry. Already she can dance the old country dances and sing some of the simpler folk songs.

Jacob Mathias was one of the handsomest men in Roumania. His birthplace was in the city of Bucharest. His father was a church deacon and he had a number of children.

When Jacob was twenty-five years of age, he was appointed a telegraph operator and assigned to one of the government's offices. This was an unusual honor (sixty or more years ago) for one of Jacob's age. As a telegraph operator in one of the government's offices he had to wear a uniform and cap with much gold-braid.

It may be that psychologists know the reason why many of the human female sex crave the companionship of men who wear uniforms and caps with gold-braid, or even only with brass buttons, but even Jacob Mathias admits that they do. At any rate, after he donned the uniform with gold-braid and secured practically a life position, a few daughters of wealthy families and some others whose families were not so rich but just comfortable, were sending matchmakers to him. But Jacob had an eye for, in fact, he became infatuated with, a married lady about his own age, who was also one of the Roumanian beauties.

In Roumania the winters are long and the days are short, and life for the idle, or almost idle, humans, is rather monotonous. Therefore, during the winter months hardly a week passes without one or two masquerade balls where the elite re-

gale themselves with "wine, women (or men), and song." Dancing is merely a side recreation for the lover, or would-be lover, during which they make appointments for clandestine meetings. At all the masquerade balls may be found many of the rich and some government functionaries and such other who belong to neither class yet by some chance secure invitations and tickets for admission.

Jacob, being a government functionary, could secure entree to any one of the many masquerade balls, and also secure tickets for a friend. To one of them Jacob contrived to invite the married lady who had often seen him pass her house. When passing the house, which was usually at a definite time of the day, if Jacob saw the lady at a window, he would raise his official cap, which was trimmed with a wide gold-braid, by way of greeting her. Needless to say that must have pleased the lady for she often bowed her head low in recognition of Jacob's greeting. We do not know what excuse the lady gave to her husband for absenting herself from home that evening, but, according to Jacob's information, the lady did appear at the ball fully masked. At the ball she recognized her newly found friend by the costume he wore, a description of which was contained in the invitation he had contrived to place in her possession.

There is an old proverb in Roumania to the effect that, if a breakable vessel is used often enough, it will somehow

break after a certain length of time. And so it was with the unnamed lady's erstwhile happy home. That is to say, the oftener she met Jacob, the more enamored she became of him and vice versa, and in due time she and her husband separated. That event cost Jacob his government position, as the lady's husband filed charges against him with the government. In due time, also, the lady's husband secured a divorce and the custody of their one child. Not long after the divorce, the government discharged Jacob from his, practically, life-job.

As soon as he was discharged by the government, Jacob married the divorcee and together they emigrated to the United States and settled in New York city.

In Roumania the telegraph system was, in Jacob's day, and for all that the writer knows to the contrary, still is, a government monopoly. Therefore, having been discharged by reason of moral terpitude, Jacob not being capable of earning a living for himself and his wife by means of his profession, to say nothing of the disgrace he deliberately brought upon his own near and dear (parents, brothers, sisters, friends, etc.) he had to leave the country.

In the United States Jacob had to familiarize himself with the English language. (He had a smattering knowledge of it before leaving Roumania.

As soon as he did so, a Roumanian, who had befriended him

and who was long a resident in New York city, succeeded in securing for him a position with the Elevated Railroad System of that city as a ticket seller and also a telegraph operator. Jacob's weekly wages at the beginning were nominal, for the reason that he only worked extra shifts, sometimes two or three days a week, but after about one year he secured a permanent night shift. The steady night shift made it possible for Jacob and his frugal wife to establish a nice home for themselves.

For ten long years Jacob stuck to that position, the hours of which were from 7:00 P.M. until 7:00 A.M. and feeling that he could not endure it any longer, and having saved up about two thousand dollars, he first resigned, and then told his wife, that he had decided to establish himself in some business in California. He also told her that he selected San Francisco as their next place of residence. After disposing of such articles as could not be readily and profitably shipped to California, they left New York City.

Not having been a merchant, or knowing anything about mercantile matters, Jacob could not make up what business to engage in after he reached California, and his savings were disappearing fast. After a heart to heart talk with his wife, the latter suggested to him to forget business and apply for a position with one of the telegraph companies. After revolving the matter in his own head for about a week, he did apply for a posi-

tion with a local telegraph company, and being an expert telegraph operator, as well as possessing first class credentials, he did not lose much time before he was engaged.

Jacob remained with the telegraph company until he reached the age of sixty-five years, and then he was retired on half pay.

Some individuals who know, or at any rate, think that they know, say that musicians are born, but never, or seldom made. Of course, it depends upon how one would define the word musician. Beethoven was a musician; but so also is designated one who can blow into a musical instrument or pound a piano. And yet what a vast difference between the two; in fact, one can hardly be excused for comparing the two "musicians".

Be that as it may, however, there is no doubt that George Lupescu was born a musician, and at the age of eight year he used to beg his father to buy him a violin. But his father was a more or less prosperous merchant in a small village mostly inhabited by gypsies, many of whom were ekeing out an existence by means of their screetching violins. Therefore, whenever George would implore his father to procure for him a violin, the latter used to say: "Son, there will be no gypsy in my family. Forget it." But, although a period of about sixty years elapsed since, George neither forgot about it, nor in his heart, forgave his father for it.

Besides the fact that most musicians were gypsies in Lupescu's native country Roumania, there was also a sort of social ostracism existant for any white male who took lessons in music. The males in a family were trained so that they could

carry on their father's trade or profession. In other words, geniuses, even though born such, were not at all encouraged. Therefore, our subject of this biography had to study subjects in which he was not at all interested.

It is a trite saying that a horse can be led to a trough but it cannot be made to drink, and so Lupescu, although he went to school regularly, absorbed very little of the many subjects he was taught. A time came when he could no longer inhale the atmosphere of a schoolroom, and one day he decided to disappear. But where to go, and what to do he had no conception until something took place that gave him an idea.

In Roumania, as perhaps in other countries, an army regiment has a full musical band attached to it. One day a regiment was passing through the town where Lupescu lived and while the train on which the regiment was entrained was at the station awaiting orders to proceed, the band was playing marches, waltzes and other musical compositions. After the band ceased playing and the train started to move, the idea came to George Lupescu to join that regiment's musical band. One day George walked the six kilometers to the next town where that regiment was transported to occupy the army post.

The Kapelmeisters (directors, or leaders) of army musical bands in Roumania were always eager to recruit young boys, because they became good musicans. The average mature and raw

recruit who was assigned to the musical band was well nigh impossible to train. Moreover, by the time the mature recruit was taught to play a musical instrument more or less satisfactorily, his term of compulsory military service was nearly at an end, but the youngsters who voluntarily enrolled in the army musical bands were invariably intelligent and quick to learn. Therefore, when George Lupescu presented himself for voluntary service in the army band, he was enrolled instantly.

After being accepted and enrolled and dressed in a uniform, Lupescu discovered that an army musical band had neither violins nor any other kind of string instruments, not even pianos. After discussing the matter with the band leader, Lupescu told him that he wanted to quit and return home, but the band leader said to the new recruit: "You can neither quit nor return home. You are now a full fledged soldier, and you must obey orders. My order is that you shall study either the clarinet or the flute. Choose either instrument as you have no other alternative." Two days later our George Lupescu was blowing into a clarinet with all his strength. In less than six months Lupescu was a good clarinet player.

Having discovered that Lupescu had talent for music, the leader of the musical band assigned him to copy the notes of a musical band score, for each instrument. There was at that time only one printed score for an entire band or orchestra,

and the music for the various instruments had to be copied from the score for each instrument. This became Lupescu's daily occupation, in addition to playing in the band occasionally.

For about two years he stuck to his soldierly duty; but it wasn't the career he was anxious for. He wanted to be a composer of music and a first class violin or piano player. The clarinet was not the music instrument he cared to play, nor did he relish his other function, namely to copy from a score the notes for the various band instruments. Therefore, while he was visiting his home town on a short furlough, he confided in his father that soldier or no soldier, he had made up his mind to leave Roumania and go to America. At the same time he asked his father whether he could and would spare him enough money for the trip. The money was promised to him providing he himself would devise ways and means of crossing the border from Roumania into Galicia, which latter province was under the suzerainity of Austria-Hungary.

Before leaving, his father have him one hundred franks, and also a letter addressed to one of his friends and business associates who lived in Krakau, a town in Galicia. The letter was a request that a certain sum should be advanced to his son, George Lupescu, as soon as he reached that city. The elder Lupescu admonished his son to take good care of that letter as

well as have it well hidden in his clothing and as soon as he was ready to entrain for Berlin, to send a certain code telegram, the words of which the former handed to the latter, unsigned.

To cover a distance of about two hundred miles, it took George five days and many anxious moments, to say nothing of some bribe money which he had payed to a smuggler before he crossed the border between Roumania and Galicia. But he finally crossed the border, as well as escaped all hazards. Thereafter he was free to travel by means of a false passport.

In due time George reached New York City where he soon found many Roumanians, most of whom were ever anon ready and willing to help a new Roumanian immigrant. After resting a few days from the long journey (he was fifteen days on the "fast" steamer between Bremen and New York), he was "apprenticed" to a cap-maker, and in six weeks he learned the trade. He worked at that trade for about one year and in addition to the money he had left from the amount his father's friend and business associate of Krakau gave him, he had a total of about four hundred dollars.

While living in New York City he became acquainted with a man about two years older than himself, and the two decided to go to California where the "gold fever" had not fully abated. They landed in San Francisco, after travelling for weeks under a covered wagon, but they could not see any gold anywhere, ex-

cept in banks, or around a roulette wheel, or upon the bar of a saloon. They asked where they might pick up some gold, and they were told to take a pick and shovel and look for it somewhere in the mountains. They finally gave up the idea of picking gold in the streets, and they opened a small book and stationery store. They were successful from the very beginning until the earthquake and fire of 1906 completely destroyed it. The insurance company which covered their business did not pay up, and George Lupescu and his partner were well-nigh penniless.

In San Francisco George married and had two children, both sons. The sons are today struggling for an existence and their father and mother are subjects of charity. Ever since the 1906 catastrophe in San Francisco George could not rehabilitate himself, and he tried hard enough.

Carol Friedmann, a native of Roumania, sixty-two years of age, has lived in San Francisco about forty-two years. He emigrated to the United States shortly after the twentieth year in consequence of information he had derived from the studies while a student at a private school in the town of Ploesti, where he was born.

Two subjects interested him more than any other when he was not quite fifteen years of age, namely history and geography. The reason for this preference, he says, was the face that he was anxious to know in which one of the many countries one could grow up to become a man and enjoy the privileges of life and liberty without being harrassed by the government under which he then lived. In his native country he would have had to become a soldier, and eventually a nobody, unless he had been a member of a certain class and that meant the rich.

From his interest in the two subjects mentioned, he learned of many countries other than the United States, where one could as it were, live his own life; but, at that time European Steamship Companies were outbidding each other in the attempt to carry as many emigrants (most of whom travelled in the so-called steerage class), from the various European ports to the United States.

Shortly after attaining the age of eighteen years, Fried-

mann graduated from the private school and could continue to study only by going to Vienna or Berlin, but his father had not the means for that purpose. Therefore, he became a clerk in a grain brokerage house in a port city known as Braila. While thus employed he daily came in contact with officers of grain-carrying steamers from practically every port in the workd, a few of whom took quite a fancy to him.

One day he mentioned to one of the captains who was in command of an English ship of his great desire to leave Roumania for the United States, and the latter said: "I expect to be back in about two months, and, if you then still have the desire to emigrate, and if you will be ready to sail with my ship, I shall take you as far as Liverpool. At that port, I shall secure for you passage to New York through some one of my many friends who are in command of steamers plying between those two cities". Friedmann thanked the captain heartily, and said that he would be ready to sail when the latter returned.

Friedmann, of course, had to convey the information of his intention to Roumania to his parents, for, unlike in this day and age, young men, at any rate, the great majority of them had much respect for their parents' feelings at that time. Hence, instead of writing to them, he told his employer that he wanted to visit his parents during some forthcoming holidays, and he was given leave of absence for one week.

After reaching home Friedmann did not broach the subject for which he made the journey, but gave some valid excuse for it. The next day, however, when he was alone with his mother, he told her the real reason for his visit. His mother, of course, instantly shed tears, but she never uttered a word that might have intimated to her son to change his mind. All she said was that he should tell his father, who perhaps knew best what would be for his benefit in the future.

The very same day he went to this father's place of business, and, finding the latter unengaged, he immediately told him the object of his journey. After listening to his son's intention and the reasons for it, the father said: "My son, I rather expected that the time would come when you would be dissatisfied with the political and social conditions in this country; therefore, I am not at all surprised at what you told me, and since it would be your duty to present yourself to the army authorities for conscription, I am rather glad that you thought about the matter and made your decision. All that I am able to wish you is good luck to your future in the new country and when you will be ready to leave I shall try to spare you a small sum of money."

Six weeks later Friedmann was on a steamer bound for Liverpool, the captain who had made him the promise returning sooner than he had anticipated.

Two days after reaching Liverpool the captain secured passage for Friedmann on a steamer bound for New York. While crossing the Atlantic Friedmann made the acquaintance of a young man, older than himself whose home was in California, and the latter described that state in such glowing terms that the former decided they should make the journey together. But when they went to a railroad ticket office in New York City to purchase tickets for California, Friedmann discovered that the money he still had was not sufficient to purchase a ticket for even half the distance between New York City and San Francisco. Instantly his companion sensed Friedmann's predicament and taking him aside, the former said: "If you are short of money do not hesitate to tell me, for I can secure as much money as I want by means of a letter of credit I carry. I am sure that you will repay me the money after you will be in California a little while. Of course, Friedmann had become attached to the young man as they continually discussed many subjects in a language they both spoke fluently, namely German; hence the former did not hesitate to confide in the latter of his insufficient means. After tickets were bought they spent three days in New York City, and then they were on their way.

When they reached San Francisco the young man (the real Californian of a long since past age), took Carol to his own home, and introduced him to his parents and a sister about sixteen years

years of age. He was asked to remain with them as a guest until he was rested from the long journey and decided upon some plan for the future. Of course, Friedmann, for lack of money, was constrained to accept the invitation with many hearty thanks.

Two days later Friedmann learned that his host was in the grain business, and that his son was his associate. Bi-annually the son went to Liverpool to discuss, with their associates located in that city, matters pertaining to the grain business.

During their trip from Liverpool to San Francisco, Friedmann had mentioned to the young man that he had been a clerk in a grain bookerage office in Roumania.

One day the young man said to his father: "Friedmann is a nice chap and I am very fond of him. Why not give him a chance in our own office?" Thereupon his father said: "I, too, am fond of him, and so is mother, but he speaks a very broken English." Then said the young man: "Father dear, Friedmann will speak a better English than either you or I in less than one year. In the meantime we can use him as a time-keeper." "O.K.", said the father to his son, "have your own way in the matter." In less than a week, Friedmann was asked to report for work. His weekly pay was fixed at twenty dollars, and he was to room and board with a family whose members were friends of his employers.

Like many other emigrants to the United States from Rouma-

nia, who had received a thorough fundamental education in their native country, especially a good knowledge of the German and French languages, it was easy for Friedmann to master the English language as well as adapt himself to any sort of agreeable work. Therefore in about eight months from the time he landed in the United States, by means of intensive reading of good English literature with the help of a good dictionary, Carol spoke a fairly good English, and he was transferred to the office where he was appointed cashier. Thenceforward Friedmann's progress was fast, and at the end of his first year with the firm he became one of the firm's buyers.

In the meantime the junior member of the firm treated him, not only as a friend, but made him his steady companion. They both like good literature; they both liked billiard and chess; they both enjoyed a good show; they both were very fond of music; and last, but not least, neither of them gambled nor drank. They were both continually absorbed in the grain business, and after business hours, either they engaged in intellectual pursuits or some innocent diversion once a week, and some weeks Friedmann had to appear for dinner at his employers' home. Other nights he would call on his junior employer after dinner. Thus matters continued to the satisfaction of all parties concerned for about three years when like lightening from the sky, the junior member confided in Friedmann that he was about to

marry the young lady whom he often met in their home. Friedmann, of course, could only do the obvious, that is, congratulate his friend and benefactor heartily, but at the same time, he felt as if something snapped in his heart. For after marrying he could not possibly have the junior employer as his companion. In fact, a day later, Friedmann said to his friend: "What will become of me after you are married?" After a few seconds of hesitation his friend said: "Carol, you marry my sister and you won't regret it." Two months later his junior employer was married, and four months later Friedmann married his employers' daughter and sister, respectively.

Carolina Alkali was one of those rare souls who was forever trying to do something for some one else, whether a relation of her own, or a mere stranger. If no one whom she knew needed anything done for him or her, she would ferret out some one she did not know.

Now judging by the historical record of events, one may be pardoned for assuming that at all times there were plenty of people who were in need of some kind of assistance, and therefore she did not meander very far, nor search very long, for the one whom she was ready assist.

One day while roaming in a strange neighborhood, she discovered a man about thirty-nine years of age, who was sick, penniless and friendless. And she was only a slip of a girl, about seventeen years of age. She lost no time in appealing to her mother that the man be installed in her own room until he recovered fully.

The man was handsome, intelligent, and his trade or profession was fresco painting. Fresco painting was much in vogue fifty and more years ago in Roumania, because everyone who was somebody and had money to pay for the work was anxious to have the ceiling and walls of at least the living room adorned with figures, landscapes, etc. Hence Leibu, Carolina's protege could be depended upon to earn money again as soon as he got well.

The mother told her daughter that she could do as she pleased,

and thelatter lost no time in transferring theman from the room he was occupying when she discovered him into her own.

To say that she was happy would be putting it mildly.

Shortly after installing the man in her own home. Carolina called a physician who diagnosed the former's malady as a case of Neurasthenia. The physician assured both Carolina and her mother that good food and good care, especially rest and quiet would fully restore the man's health in a few weeks. But instead of "a few weeks", the man lingered about three months. Nevertheless, he fully recovered eventually, and was ready to go back to work as soon as it was offered to him. He looked around for work but being winter very little freeze work was going on. That sort of work was usually done in the spring and summer, because of climatic condiditions.

One day Leibu packed his few belongings, and he told the widow Khali that he had imposed upon them sufficiently long; that he was under ever lasting obligations to her and to her daughter for the good care they had taken of him while recovering from his illness; that he was able to live at his lodging place; and lastly, that he bid them both good bye.

After carefully listening to his statements, Mrs. Khali said; "Mr. Leibu, winter is upon us; I know that you have neither work nor money nor any other friend; therefore, please take your belongings to the room you have occupied all of these

to sutdy them thoroughly. Upon graduation every student could read and write them as well as the Roumanian languate. That was of course fifty or more years ago. (The writer is informed that the English language is also being studied today.)

Max, Carolina's brother on the otherhand, was not quite so brilliant a student as his sister; nevertheless, he became a first class workingman in copper and brass-wear, such as chandeliers, lamps, candlesticks etc.

When the widow Alkakle heard her daughter's decision she was non-plussed, but said nothing. Her turn came the third day, in the meantime she too, the matter up with her prospective husband and that gentlmen would not hear of it. He did, however, make the remark to the effect that, if Carolina and her brother emigrate to theUnited States, he and his fiancee would have to go along.

The third day a consultation was in progress wheat it was decided first, that they should marshall their assets and find out wjether they could raise the necessary funds for the trip; secondly that Mr. Leibu should marry Mrs. Alkali on a day certain; and lastly, that if they did not have sufficient money for the trip none should leave until all could go.

It so happenedthat the widow Alkali, in addition to themoney left to her by her deceased husb nd, she had accumulate quite a sum from work as a dressmaker to the rich woman of Botasani. In fact, she had about ten thousand francs, and Mr. Leibu had

about two thousand francs due him from a job he was about to finish. That sum, and also some additional small sums from the sale of various articles, was more than sufficient to pay for the journey of the four to the United States.

Accordingly, in about two weeks Mr. Leibu married the widow Ghali, and one month thereafter the four members left Botosani, Roumania.

New York City was their goal. When they arrived in New York, they sought and found quarters together. After resting for a while he found a place where it did not take him long to prove his ability as a first class copper and brass worker. Caroline registered at one of the night schools for the purpose of perfecting herself in the English language. Mr. Leibu, on the other hand, could find no fresco work, as such work was not much in vogue in the United States; therefore, he became an ordinary painter, earning five or six dollars a day whenever he could secure a job. Mrs. Leibu took care of the home, as well as catered to the needs of the members of the family.

After residing in New York City about a year, Mrs. Leibu began to notice that her husband often came home somewhat tipsy, and within the confines of their own room she took quite a good deal of abuse from him. But one evening Mr. Leibu not only came home somewhat parti ed from excessive drink, but he used one of his fists rather heavily upon Mr. Leibu's face, and the blood was

pouring from her face. She screamed, and that brought her second daughter to her rescue. That very evening Mr. Leibu was arrested for battery, and the fourth day when his case came up in the police court, he was placed on probation for one year; also, he was admonished never again to venture into the home of his wife and children.

But after that unfortunate affair, Carolina persuaded her mother and her brother to leave New York City for California, and in about three weeks they departed without leaving a single trace behind them. Their destination was Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles Carolina passed an examination and succeeded in securing a teacher's certificate. Shortly thereafter she received an appointment to teach German and French in one of the high schools.

After teaching in the public schools of Los Angeles about ten years, she met a man whom she married shortly after, and resigned her position. The man was fairly well to do, and also had a very prifitable business in San Francisco. Shrtly after their marriage they moved to San Francisco, taking with them Carolina's mother.

About three years after marriage Carolina had a child, in nineteen twenty nine, however, matters took a turn for the worst. Carolina's husband lost all of his money, and real estate holdings.

Carolina could see only a dark future before her, as her husband seemed unable to rehabilitate himself. But Carolina

always has a will and a way; therefore, she didnot lose much time and resenged in her own profession as a teacher.

Today, she is practically the main support of her family; and this includes her husband whom she worships. Some women seem to be born brave,and hence are capable of defying the very fates.

Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor.

Antoinette Jackson, Research Ass't.

The Biography of Carolina Alkali.

Carolina Alkali was one of those rare souls who was forever trying to do something for some one else, whether a relation of her own, or a mere stranger. If no one whom she knew needed anything done for him or her, she would ferret out some one she did not know.

Now judging by the historical record of events, one may be pardoned for assuming that at all times there were plenty of people who were need of some kind of assistance, and therefore she did not meander very far , nor search very long, for the one whom she was ready to assist.

One day while roaming in a strange neighborhood, she discovered a man about thirty-nine years of age, who was sick, penniless and friendless. She herself was only a slip of a girl, about seventeen years of age. She lost no time in appealing to her mother that the man be installed in her own room until he fully recovered.

The man was handsome, intelligent, and his trade or profession was fresco painting. Fresco painting was much in vogue fifty and more years ago in Roumania, because everyone who was somebody and had money to pay for the work was anxious to have the ceilling and walls of at least the living room adorned with figures, landscapes etc. Hence Leibu , Carolina's protegé, could be depended upon to earn mon' ey again as soon as he got well.

The mother told her daughter that she could do as she pleased, and the latter lost no time in transferring the man from the room he was occupying when she discovered him into her own.

he and his fiancée would have to go along.

The third day a consultation was in progress whereat it was decided first, that they should marshall their assets and find out whether they could raise the necessary funds for the trip; secondly, that Mr. Leibu should marry Mrs. Alakli on a day certain; and lastly, that if they did not have sufficient money for the trip none should leave until all could go.

It so happened that the widow Alkali, in addition to the money left to her by her deceased husband, she had accumulated quite a sum from work as a dressmaker to the rich woman of Botosani. In fact, she had about ten thousand Francs (about $2000.00), and Mr. Leibu had about Two Thousand Francs (about $400.00) due him from a job he was about to finish. That sum, and also some additional small sums from the sale of various articles, was more than sufficient to pay for the journey of the four to the United States.

Accordingly, in about three weeks Mr. Leibu married the widow Alkali, and one month thereafter the four members left Botosani, Roumania.

New York City was their goal. When they arrived in New york, they sought and found quarters together. After resting for a while, Max found a place where it did not take him long to prove his ability as a first class Copper and Brass worker. Carolina registered at one of the night schools for the purpose of perfecting herself in the English language. Mr. Leibu, on the other hand, could find no fresco work, as such work was not much in vogue in the United States; therefore, he became an ordinary painter, earning five or six Dollars a day whenever he could secure a job. Mrs. Leibu took care of the home, as well as catered to the needs of the members of the family.

The Biography of Carolina Alkali.

After residing in New York City about a year, Mrs. Leibu began to notice that her husband often came home somewhat tipsy, and within the confines of their own room she took quite a good deal of abuse from him. But one evening Mr. Leibu not only came home somewhat paralized from excessive drink, but he used one of his fists rather heavily upon Mrs. Leibu's face, and the blood was pouring from her face She screamed, and that brought her son and daughter to her rescue. That very evening Mr. Leibu was arrested for battery, and the fourth day when his case came up in the police Court, he was placed on probation for one year; also, he was admonished never again to venture into the home of his wife and her children.

But after that unfortunate affair, Carolina persuaded her mother and her brother to leave New York City for California, and in about three weeks they departed without leaving a single trace behind them. Their destination was Los Angeles.

In Los Angeles Carolina passed an examination and succeeded in securing a teacher's certificate. Shortly thereafter she received an appointment to teach German and French in one of the high schools.

After teaching in the public schools of Los Angeles about ten years, she met a man whom she married shortly after, and resigned her position. The man was fairly well to do, and also had a very profitable business in San Francisco. Shortly after their marriage they moved to San Francisco, taking with them Carolina's mother.

About three years after marriage Carolina had a child. In 1929, however, matters took a turn for the worst. Carolina's husband lost all of his money, and real estate holdings, and the busines.

Carolina could see only a dark future before her, as her husband seemed unable to rehabilitate himself. But Carolina always has a will and a way; therefore, she did not lose much time and

re-engaged in her own profession as a teacher.

Today, she is practically the main support of her family; and this includes her husband,whom she worships. Some women seem to be born brave, and hence are capable of defying the very fates.

To say that she was happy would be putting it mildly.

Shortly after installing the man in her own home, Carolina called a physician who diagnosed the former's malady as a case of Neurasthania. The physician assured both Carolina and her moth' er that good food and good care, especially rest and quiet would fully restore the man's health in a few weeks. But instead of"a few weeks", the man lingered about three months. Nevertheless, he fully recovered eventually, and was ready to go back to work as soon as it was offered to him. He looked around for work, but being winter very little fresco work was going on. That sort of work was usually done in the spring and summer, because of climatic conditions.

One day Leibu packed his few belongigns, and he told the widow Alkali that he had imposed upon them sufficiently long; that he was under ever lasting obligations to her and to her daughter for the good care they had taken of him while recovering from his illness; that he was going to live at his old lodging place; and lastly, that he bid them both good bye.

After carefully listening to his statements, Mrs. Alkali said; "Mr. Leibu, winter is upon us; I know that you have neither work nor money nor any other friend; therefore, please take your belongings to the room you have occupied all of these many months, and it will be yours until you secure work. Also, the seat at the table where you set heretofore is yours. You must not leave my house".

Carolina supported her mother's stand, and Mr. Leibu yielded to their wishes. The undisclosed fact was, altho Leibu suspected it, that the widow had fallen in love with her daughter's protegé.

Spring came and Mr. Leibu found plenty of work. Being a good worker and earning good money, he was showering presents on both, the mother and the daughter, besides taking them on short

trips to various summer resorts. At one of these resorts, while Mrs. Alkali and Mr. Leibu were looking at the various bathers from the shore where they were sitting, the latter asked the former to mar' ry him, and she consented on the spot.

When Carolina heard the news she was overjoyed. The next day, however, Carolina said to her mother: "I am most happy that you and Mr. Leibu are going to be married; but, I should not care to remain in this city after that event takes place. I and brother Max will go to the United States of America. There I shall try to become a teacher of languages, and Max will follow his own trade, or with my help he will engage in some business.

It should be said, en passant, that Carolina was a most dilligent student, both in school and away from it. She read extensively the classics in both the German and the French languages, These two languages every lyceum (high-school) student, whether male, or female, was compelled to study them thouroughly. Upon graduation every student could read and write them as well as the Roumanian language. That was the case, ofcourse, fifty or more years ago. (The writer is informed that the English language is also being studied today).

Max, Carolina's brother on the other hand, was not quite so brilliant a student as his sister; nevertheless, he became a first class workingman in copper and brass-wear, such as chandelliers, lamps, candlesticks etc.

When the widow Alkali heard her daughter's decision she was nun-plussed, but said nothing. Her turn came the third day, In the meantime she took the matter up with her prospective husband, and that gentleman would not hear of it.. He did, however, make the remark to the effect that, if Carolina and her brother emigrate to the U. S.

Florence, Ariz.
3917 - 18th St. Repeat: Rumanian.

I was born in Piatra-Olt, Romania and went to primary schools. My grandparents lived in Craiova and every vacations I went there. The house on the street which was near the parent palace was one of the nicest places outside Bucharest in the East. Not far from Craiova I had one uncle in Orsova and I often went there as I had fun to see the custom officers at duty. Well in school you know it is I think same as here — a hunting school. The last year in our days was so we only could stay after hours with permissions. Five times we went to my uncle's to hire up to be in left on

was conversation in French as you as a language. I have French for 12 years and study for about 12 also German but I can't remember right the pronunciation. ~~Aspelmistia~~ This which every day was to go to Paris in my mind of the country that have enough basis. It was a dream and I was live with my parents in Bucharest. It is called Little Paris but I did not like it. I was just in pictures and it is hard to work. The finest school you call a college here for two years and with very few strangers as you know only Germans, Russians and a few engineers was here and no learning. Just when I had served 2 years military service in Paris in a store where the proprietor was a friend of mine and Mexico came under 1923. [illegible] My father died, and settled my

and we decided to [illegible]
[illegible] we made
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] after we
[illegible] New York we saw [illegible] [illegible]
could be and so we did stay [illegible] that on
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] we met a lot
Kumantans and the imps and outs about
keeping a store. After 2 months we
[illegible] 3 [illegible] and Conal & Neels having
a little [illegible] with me's furnishings - sort of
a [illegible] tussle. [illegible] [illegible] but when
I got my [illegible] I got of felt lonesome and
said to Neel had everything ready to go to California.
Well it was strange for me to move, but I always
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as I could
not my well manage all alone. In San Francisco
I [illegible] but had bad luck at first I went
[illegible] with it [illegible] and lost out the
better part of my money as the left me flat
with bills to pay, what I had long been
thinking had been paid. Well I opened
up another store and had a haberdashery
on Market street. I run across another [illegible]
and it was all that paid dead for that. [illegible]
I had [illegible] the [illegible] and I make the store
[illegible] we went off with a [illegible] and as
[illegible] as we left as she had her
[illegible] out and [illegible] with it. Well I am
[illegible] and think that [illegible]
[illegible] the best [illegible] as I [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] I have no more cash to stay here and the few belongings I have only are in [illegible] box. I [illegible] expression and [illegible] but we [illegible] here, ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] I never did know that there is [illegible] and taste but certainly I am not down yet. I just learned my lesson. I think in about 6 months I can say that settled here and I find only one way out if I don't want to taste the worst here.

It was a big surprise to me to see ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] United States. [illegible] you see [illegible] continent [illegible] Europe is known for near pauper state and everybody in Europe is looking upon USA as [illegible] (+ [illegible] we have at least relief as I [illegible] for every bit of [illegible] know you know many places here as it is and not as the papers make out it is. I will let you know when I sit down [illegible] [illegible] I go to [illegible] [illegible] cash [illegible] [illegible] a small city and everyone can [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the first report of you
but [illegible] I let
it go. I see with [illegible] you can get
everything [illegible] report [illegible] I think
a fellow with my age ought to marry, and
[illegible] never appear.
I think [illegible] everybody here will change
[illegible] it is about time
[illegible] for all things in
this world. [illegible] have nothing to kick
[illegible] but [illegible] a gambling hell
[illegible] it or leave it.

A. C. was born in 1901 in the city of Brăila Roumania. Her father was Roumanian and her mother a Turk who became a Christian upon her marriage. Her father was a government official of the province. A's life was spent in the official society of which her father and mother were leaders. When she was about ten years old she begged her father to let her accompany him on his travels. She traveled extensively through the old Kingdom of Roumania. Much of the traveling was done on horseback or in rude peasant carts. She therefore at an early age absorbed the wealth of folk-lore of the Roumanian countryside.

She knows all the folk customs and their history and the reason they exist. She knows the correct ways to embroider and cross-stitch the peasant embroideries. She started at the age of 15 to collect folk songs and she has an amazing collection.

At the age of 16 she was sent to Paris to complete her education. She studied French language and literature and music. For three years she remained in Paris, all during the exciting days of the armistice and peace negotiations.

When she returned to Roumania, it was to a Greater Roumania. She continued her studies of folk customs and music and traveled throughout Bessarabia and Transylvania. In 1926 she married an aviator in the Roumanian army. Not long after, because of some trouble with his superior officers, he resigned his commission and left the country. He went first to Constantinople where he soon fell in with a company of Jewish merchants and he accompanied them as advisor and secretary to India and China.

In Shanghai he felt that his life was wrong and that he should build anew. So he sent for his wife and together they sailed for America; landing in San Francisco in July of 1929. They soon found themselves in dire straits. They could not contact anyone whom they considered of their class. They had no one of any education or culture with whom to talk. They had no money for theatre or books or music, and they even had scarcely enough to eat.

In desperation A appealed to the Y.W.C.A., whose work she was familiar with in Roumania. They gave her a chance to organize classes in folk dancing and also a market for her peasant embroideries.

In 1931 her husband obtained a job as a mechanic in the Ford plant at Oakland. He has worked himself up to a fine position because of his knowledge of aeroplane engines. After 2 years of hard work by the both of them, they were able to buy a home in Oakland and to raise their financial conditions to a level of security.

A still does colorful embroideries in her spare time which she sells to a shop in town. She also gives concerts and presentations of folk dancing for clubs and private parties. She has a stunning collection of Roumanian costumes. Once a year at the Roumanian ball she wears one of these costumes, and sings the songs of her country. Both she and her husband have become American citizens and are grateful to this country for a new life.

They have one child a girl of four. It is the wish of the parents that she may be a good American and yet love the country of her ancestry. Already she can dance the old-country dances and sing some of the simpler folk songs.

Lennard Austin
Jan. 16, 1935.

Typed

Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor.

Antoinette Jackson, Research Ass't.

The biography of George Lupescu.

Some individuals who know, or at any rate, think that they know, say that musicians are born, but never, or seldom made. Ofcourse, it depends upon how one would define the word musician. Bethoven was a musician; but so is also ~~one~~ designated who can blow into a musical instrument or pound a piano. And yet what a vast difference between the two; in fact, one can hardly be excused for comparing the two "musicians".

Be that as it may, however, there is no doubt that George Lupescu was born a musician, and at the age of eight years he used to beg his father to buy him a violin. But his father was a more or less prosperous merchant in a small village mostly inhabited by gypsies, many of whom were ekeing out an existence by means of their screetching violins. Therefore, whenever George would implor his father to procure for him a violin, the latter used to say: Son, there will be no gypsy in my family. Forget it. But, altho a period of about sixty years elapsed since, George enither forgot about it, nor in his heart, forgave his father for it.

Besides, the fact that most musicians were gypsies in Lupescu's native country Roumania, there was also a sort of social ostracism extant for any white male who took lessons in music. The males in a family were trained so that they could carry on their father's trade, or ~~even~~ profession. In other words, geniuses, even tho' born such, were not at all encouraged. Therefore, our subject of this Biography had to study subjects in which he was

The biography of George Lupescu.

not at all interested , ~~nolens volens~~.

It is a trite saying that a horse can be led to a through, but it cannot be made to drink, and so Lupescu, altho he went to school regularly, absorbed very little of the many subjects he was taught. A time came when he could no longer inhale the atmosphere of a schoolroom, and one day he decided to disappear. But where to go, and what to do he had no conception until something took place that gave him an idea.

In Roumania, as perhaps in other countries, an army regiment has a full musical band attached to it. One day a regiment was passing through the town where Lupescu lived and while the train on which the regiment was entrained was at the station awaiting orders to proceed, the band was playing marches, waltzes and other musical compositions. After the band ceased playing and the train started to move, the idea came to George Lupescu to join that regiment's musical band. One day George walked the six kilometers to the next town where that regiment was transported to occupy the army post.

The Kapelmeisters (directors,or leaders) of army musical bands in Roumania were always eager to recruit young boys, because they became good musicians. The average mature and raw recruit who was assigned to the musical band was well nigh impossible to train. Moreover, by the time the mature recruit was thaught to play a musical instrument more or less satisfactorily, his term of compulsory military service was nearly at an end, but the youngsters, who voluntarily enrolled in the army musical bands were invariably intelligent and quick to learn, therefore , when George Lupescu

The biography of George Lupescu.

presented himself for voluntary service in the army musical band, he was enrolled instantly.

After being accepted and enrolled and dressed in a uniform, Lupescu discovered that an army musical band had neither violins nor any other kind of string instruments, not even pianos. After discussing the matter with the Band leader, Lupeacu told him, that he wanted to quit and return home, but the band leader said to the new recruit; " you can neither quit nor return home. You are now a full fledged soldier, and you must obey orders. " My order is that you shall study either the clarinet or the flute. Choose either instrument as you have no alternative". Two days later our George Lupescu was blowing into a clarinet with all his strength. In less than six months Lupescu was a good clarinet player.

Having discovered that Lupescu had talent for music, the leader of the musical band assigned him to copy the notes of a musical score, for each instrument. There was at that only one printed score for an entire band or orchestra, and the music for the various instruments had to be copied from the score for each instrument. This became Lupescu's daily occupation, in addition to playing in the band occasionally.

For about two years he stuck to his soldierly duty; but, it wasn't the career he was anxious for.

He wanted to be a composer of music and a first class violin or piano player. The clarinet was not the music instrument he cared to play, nor did he relish his other function, namely to copy from a score the notes for the various band instruments. Therefore while he was visiting his home town on a short furlough, he confided in his father that soldier or no soldier, he had made up his mind to leave Roumania and go to America.

The biography of George Lupescu.

At the same time he asked his father whether he could and would spare him enough money for the trip. The money was promised to him providing he himself would devise ways and means of crossing the border from Roumania into Galicia, which latter province was under the suzerainity of Austria-Ungary.

Before leaving his father gave him one hundred Franks, and also a letter addressed to one of his friends and business associates who was domiciled in Krakau, a town in Galicia. The letter was a request that a certain sum should be advanced to his son, George Lupescu, as soon as he reached that city. The elder Lupescu admonished his son to take good care of that letter as well as have it well hidden, in his clothing and as soon he was ready to entrain for Berlin to send a certain code telegram, the words of which the former handed to the latter, unsigned.

It took George five days to cover a distance of about two hundred miles, and many anxious moments, to say nothing of some bribe money which he had payed to a smuggler, before he crossed the border between Roumania and Galicia; but, he had crossed the border, as well as escaped all hazards. Thereafter he was free to travel by means of a false passport.

It is truly said that " necessity is the mother of invention, and false passports have been used by human beings for ages.

In due time George reached New York City where he soon found many Roumanians, most of whom were ever anon ready and willing to help a new Roumanian imigrant.

After resting a few days from the long journey (he was

The biography of George Lupescu.

fifteen days on the "fast" steamer between Bremen and New York), he was"apprenticed" to a cap-maker, and in six weeks he learned the trade. He worked at that trade about one year and in addition to the money he had left from the amount his father's friend and business associate of Krakau gave him, he had a total of about Four hundred Dollars.

While living in New York City he became acquainted with a man about two years older than himself, and the two decided to go to California where the "Gold fever" had not fully abated.

They landed in San Francisco, after travelling for weeks under a covered wagon, but they could not see any gold anywhere, except in Banks, or around a roulette wheel, or upon the bar of a saloon. They asked where they might pick up some gold, and the were told to take pick and shovel and for it somewhere in the mountains. They finally gave up the idea of picking gold in the streets, and they opened a small book and stationary store. They were successful from the very beginning until the earthquake and fire of I906 completely destroyed it.

The insurance company which covered their business welched, and George Lupescu and his partner were well nigh penniless

In San Francisco George married and had two children, both sons.

The sons are to-day struggling for an existance and their father and mother are subjects of charity. For ever since the I906 catastrophe in San Francisco George could not rehabilitate himself, and he tried hard enough.

Antoinette Jackson.

AUR, AUR

Aur! - trāmbiță vrājită care chemi pe orice viu
Si-l faci rob pānā'n sicriū,-
Sunt puțini cei cari-și leagā sufletul de sfāntul cer!
Dar pe tine toți te chiama, toți te catā și te cer!

Sunt puțini cei ce se'nchinā la a cerului lumină,
Dar la tine toți se'nchinā!
Doar un Om, trecānd prin lume cu privirele senine,
Inālțate pururi sus,
N'a dorit nici sā te vadā, nici nu s'a atins de tine.
Omul s'a numit Isus!

Oamenirea insā geme pentru tine și se frānge;
Pentru aur, curg de veacuri mari de lacrāmi si de sānge;
Se vād suflete curate, trupuri fragede ca crinii;
Intunericul, prin aur, smulge florile luminii
Și de veacuri fārā numār, pe-ale lumii triste laturi,
Vrei sā saturi omenirea, dar tu, aur, n'o mai saturi!

Aur, aur! - paloș tare ce dai leșuri la toți corbii;
Cântec ce te-aud și surzii; soare ce te văd și orbii;
Cursa lui Satan, vicleană, cu zăbretele de aur!
Ce'nșeli suflete de veacuri și strângi iadului tezaur,-
Azi, in veacul slăvii tele, când in ghiara-ți stau să piară
Milioanele de oameni sugrumați de-a foamei ghiară,-
Pentru toți cei ce sub tine, in robie, plâng și gem,
Eu, ingenunchiat sub ceruri, aurule, te blesten.

Cântecul să-ți amuțeasca! Strălucirea ta să moară!
Să te macini ca făina, in a veciniciei moară!
Nimănui să nu mai trebuie la nimic și nicidecum;
Să te-amestici pe vecie cu țărâna de pe drum;
Să ceboare peste tine vijeliile-dezastre,
Să te soarbă'n tot adâncul nesfârșirilor albastre
Și să cazi pe alte planete, cu alți oameni, cu alți brazi.
Pe pământ să nu mai cazi!
Să te uite oamenirea, aur crud, aur hain,
Pe vecie și'n toți vecii-vecilor! Amin! Amin!

Sourece: Roumanian newspaper "America". Jan. 12, 1937.

THE LURE OF GOLD

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper

America. Jan. 12, 1937.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

Spirit of gold whose enchanted bugle, calls on the world
to make more slaves,
Call your loudest and call your proudest, the end is
Death in a field of graves.
While few there be who fasten their gaze on the light
of the eastern skies,
And fewer yet who spend their days with the light that within
them lives.

There was One, who serene and filled with peace, lived
and died as a Master should.
He who rebuked the Pharisus and was slain on a lofty cross
of wood.
He, exalted above all beings, sought you not in word or deed,
But lived, enduring your scorn and envy, lived all hungering
souls to feed.

He, the master, was known as Jesus, known to fewer as
"Son of God."
Sought by the humble, spurned by the mighty, trod all
paths that our feet have trod.

Humanity sorrows, implores and pleads for the gold
that glistens like yellow light,
And that proves a curse when it is not worse,
When abused by the victims of darkened sight.
For an ocean of tragedy, blood and tears has flowed
down the centuries long past,
And the menace of gold and hearts grown cold must follow
you ever until the last.

In a favored spot there's a garden bright, where fragile
lilies grow
And roses red and roses white breathe a message you
ne'er will know.
They are the loving symbols of purified souls made
clean,
And they breathe the Spirit of God's own breath in
their own charmed, sylvan scene.

The gong has sounded, the hour has come when your
Spirit of Gold shall die
With the shades of night around you, there shall
your proud form lie.

I have seen the doom of your lovers, those who have
bartered all
To woo your shining presence and hear your bugle call.
I have watched them drawn to the lodestone and seen
them chained to the wheel
That grinds the poor forever, the poor who must beg
or steal!
And I kneeling under the starry skies, curse you
and curse your gold.
For they who heed you and follow are barren of
good, and cold.
And only the fire of a deathless love shall warm
their souls again,
W hen gold has turned to ashes and your slaves have
been racked by pain.

Begone to other planets ere you pass out and die.
Let Humanity forget you and the place where your
treasures lie.
Hence to the hills that gave you birth, Enchantress
of gold's false snare.
We would be free of the lust of gold, to breathe
Life's pure air.
So may the curse of nations, hoarding of gold
and crime
Be lifted for age while evermore we glory in deeds
sublime.

1/3/37

Antoinette Jackson

GOLD, GOLD!

Gold! - enchanted trumpet, those you call, come,
And you make them slaves till death,
There are few who fasten the soul to the sacred sky!
But for you, all call, everybody looks and asks for you!

There are few who pray to the light of the sky,
But to you all pray!
However one man going through the world with serene sight,
Exalted, for ever and ever,
Did not even wish to see or touch you,
The man was called Jesus.

Humanity however laments and begs for you.
For "Gold," run centuries of ocean tears and blood;
One sees the clean souls, the fragile troop-like lily-white.
The darkness, through gold, tears, the flower of light.
And for centuries without number, on the world's sad sides.
You want to satisfy humanity, but you, gold, don't satisfy
her anymore!

Gold, gold! - strong dagger, which makes all the ravens swoon
Song that even the deaf ones hear; sun which also the blind
see;
Satan's snare, cunning, with bars of gold,
Who fools the souls for centuries and gathers Hell's
To-day, in the century of your glory, when in your claw,
they stay to perish.
Millions of people strangled from hunger's clutches,-
For all those under you, in slavery, cry and lament,
I, kneeling under the skies, curse you, gold.

May the song become mute, your glitter should die!
May you be ground like flour in the everlasting mill!
No one should need anything in the least;
May you mix forever with the earth of the road;
May the stormy disasters pour over you,
To absorb you in the depths of endless gloom,
And you should fall on other planets, with other people,
On the earth you should not fall any more!
Humanity should forget you, cruel gold
For ever, and ever! Amen!

A literal translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"
January 12, 1937, by Antoinette Jackson.

Antoinette Jackson.

ZIARULUI AMERICA

LA 30 de ANI

Romāni de pretutindeni,
Fruntile sā ridicām,
Sfānta este pe vecie,
Ziua'n care jubilām.

De treizeci de ani rāsare un soare,
Cu raze mari și bine-fācātoare;
Lumina lui e mare și strālucitoare,
..... E mare zi și mare sārbātoare.

Lumină din lumină ne-ai dat nouā drag ziar,
Și tot mai māreț și rāsārit din an in an,
Ai dus dorul nostru departe peste ocean,
In satele scumpe din dragul nostru Ardeal.

Noi am venit din patru unghiuri de lume.
Popor pribeag....un neam fārā de nume
In locurile noastre rāmase de eroi,
Iobagi, batuți, cu biciul de grofi și de ciocoi.

Lumină din lumină ne-ai dat treizeci de ani,
Ai miluit bătrāni, ai dat scut la orfani.
In limba noastră dulce cetit'am adevārul,
Şi sfānta'i libertatea cum sfānt ne este cerul.

Fecorii Transilvaniei din vāi si de prin munţi,
Veniţi aicia tineri, acum bātrāni, cārunţi.
Tu scump ziar al nostru le-ai fost mamā si tatā,
In ţara libertāţei. Fii bine-cuvāntatā.

De trei decemi'n zare rāsārit un soare,
Sus inima Romanā!.... E zi de sārbātoare.
Şi vā rugaţi la ceruri sā verse cele sfinte,
Ca soarele Românilor sa meargā inainte!

Source: Roumanian Newspaper "America". January 7, 1937.

DEDICATED TO THE JOURNAL "AMERICA"

BY THE ROUMANIANS, ON THE 30th

ANNIVERSARY

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper

America. Dec. 12, 1936.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

All hail this holy Celebration Day,
O'er which Freedom and Progress shed their ray.
Roumanians all hail! from everywhere
Lift up your hearts and heads in thankful prayer.

Full thirty years ago a sun arose,
Whose warmth benevolent bade wintry snows
Begone: Whose light in golden rays
Crowns this blest day, the greatest of all days.

Illumination from this columned sheet
Broadened our vision, gave us scope to greet
Inspired writers, who from year to year
Have made "America" more prized and dear.

On wings of light you bore our hearts' desires
Over the ocean to our village fires.
We came from the four corners of the world,
To meet united round a Flaf unfurled.

A wandering nation, we, without a name,
Meet on this holiday to feed the flame,
And fire the heart with courage down the years,
That mark Achievement thro' a mist of tears.

Serfs, beaten with the whip that scourge with scars,
We fled to lands where we might vision stars,
Each star a goal to famished soul and heart,
Each goal, life's loftiest ultimate of Art.

Our Freedom sings of light you freely gave,
Of uplift, liberty, and peace to have,
And wash away all memory of pain,
That we might be united once again.

In our sweet language we now read the truth,
While in our joy we find returning youth,
Blessing, inspiring us with zest to leaven
The common things of life and make earth Heaven.

From Transylvania our stalwart sons,
Arrived here young and lusty, bearing guns,
Yet are they with us, now of old and grey,
But counting this their greatest festal day.

You our dear Journal, were to them a nurse,
Nay, more, you nourished them to lift the curse
From them and orphans hungry for that care,
You lavished, that with others they might share.

During three decades in the halls of time,
A sun arose, a glorious light sublime.
Pray that its light may e'er be ours to bless,
And crown our lives with Love's full happinesss.

TO THE NEWSPAPER AMERICA

On the 30th year.

A literal translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"

January 7, 1937.

By

Antoinette Jackson

Rumanians from everywhere,
Raise your heads,
Sacred forever, is the
Day, which we celebrate.

Thirty years ago a sun arose,
With rays, large and benevolent,
His light is great and shining,
It's a great day and a great holiday.

Enlightenment from light you gave us, dear newspaper.
More magnificent and luminous from year to year.
You took our homesickness far over the ocean,
To the dear villages of our beloved Ardeal.

We came from the four corners of the world,
A wandering nation ... a race without a name
In our places left by the heroes,
Serfs, beaten with the whip of the nobleman.

Enlightenment from light you gave us thirty years.
You pitied the old, gave protection to the orphans.
In our sweet language, we read the truth,
And sacred is the freedom, as sacred to us, as the Heaven.

Sons of Transylvania, from valleys and mountains,
Who came out here young, are now old and gray.
You, our dear newspaper, were to them mother and father.
In the land of freedom. Be blessed!

During three decades a sun arose,
High Roumanian heart! ... It's a holiday.
Pray to Haven to pour those blessings
So that the sun of the Roumanians should lead on ahead.

Antoinette Jackson.

Cântec de leagăn

Dormi, copile, somn uşor.
Ingerii de pază
Vor veni incetişor
Noaptea să te vază.

Să te mângâie cu drag,
Copilaşul mamei,
Să ne lase flori pe prag,
Haide să faci bani.

I'auzi, paserile cântă
Toate pentru tine,
Dormi in pace, domnul sfânt
Să-ţi dea numai bine.

La fereastră a venit
Zăua să-ţi şopteasca:
Noapte bună pui iubit
Cei dragi s-ă-ţi trăieasca.

Source: Roumanian newspaper "merica". November 26, 1936.

The Cradle Song

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"

Nov. 26, 1936.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

Slumber lightly, baby darling,
All thro' the night.
Watching Angels wait to bless the,
Till morning light.

Love descends on Mothr's baby,
From flow'r-laden spheres;
Radiant blossoms deck thy dwelling
All down the years.

In thy slumber, heed the birdies
Singing, dear, for you.
Warbling soft-toned lullabies,
Breathing all that's true.

Dawn arrayed in shining splendor,
Till the dark hours cease,
Waits on birds and sleeping babies,
Waits to whisper "Peace".

The Cradle Song.

A literal translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"

Nov. 26, 1936.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

Sleep, baby, a light sleep,
The watching angels
Will come slowly
During the night to see you.

To comfort you with love
Mother's baby!
To leave us flowers on the door-sill,
So you'll make money.

Do you hear the birds sing
All for you?
Sleep in peace, the Heavenly Father
Should give you only good.

To the window came
The day to whisper to you,
Good night beloved bird,
May your dear ones live.

Antoinette Jackson.

Dorul Mamei

Copilul meū, odorul meū,
Tu pleci in țări streine,
Dar nu'ți uita de mama ta,
Gândește-te la mine.

Plecând departe peste mări,
Idealul să'ți găsești.....
Să'mi scri cu drag din când in când,
Să știu că mai trăiesti.

El a plecat și in curând,
Ajuns la ținta lui,
Căsătorit intre streini,
Uită de mama lui.

Trecu un an. Sotia lui
Il părăsi'n durere.
Atunci pleca spre mama sa,
Să afle mângăere.

Când a ajuns in satul său,
Găsi la a lor poartă

Vecini, carî cu durere'i spun
Că mama sa e moartă.

Atunci cu fața in pămînt,
Căzu sdrobit feciorul.
"Ah! Am ucis pe mama mea,
"Lăsînd să-mi ducă dorul".

Pe mama voastră n'o uitați,
Căci Ea duios vă chiamă,
Că nu-i nimica mai duios,
Că numele de MAMĂ.

Source: Roumanian newspaper "America". Dec. 12, 1936.

MOTHER'S LONGING

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"

By

ANTOINETTE JACKSON

"My child, my adored one.
Soul of my soul,
You go to far countries
To find your goal".

"And over the ocean
Your ideal shall find,
Yet remember the Mother
You're leaving behind".

Write to me, loved one,
When you arrive,
For thus shall I know,
That you still are alive".

The youth left and swiftly
Achieving his quest,
Dwelt among strangers
But failed in his test.

He married, yet scarcely
A single year sped,
When his wife left him, suffering,
While his Mother was dead.

Remorseful, unknowing
His mother had died,
He returns to the village
To live by her side.

He plans to seek guidance,
Forgiveness and peace
While neighbors inform him
of Mother's release.

Then with face to the ground,
Broken-hearted he falls;
"Ah, my Mother I killed",
He incessently calls.

Alas, for such tragedies under the sun.
Alas, for the deeds of neglect that are done.
Your Mother is one that you ne'er should forget.
Or in life and in death you'll be cursed with regret.
There is nothing more precious among all our names
Than the title of MOTHER whose love all else shames.

MOTHER'S LONGING

A literal translation from the Roumanian newspaper

"America" Dec. 12, 1936.

By

ANTOINETTE JACKSON

"My child, my adored one,
You go to strange countries,
But don't forget your mother,
Think of me".

"Going far over seas,
Your ideal you should find.
You should write to me with love
from time to time.
So I'll know that you still live".

He left and soon
Arrived at his goal.
Married among strangers,
He forgot his mother.

A year passed, his wife
Left him suffering,
then he went to his mother,
to find consolation.

When he arrived in his country place
He found at their door
Neighbors, who with sorrow told him
That his mother was dead.

Then with face to the ground
The son fell broken-hearted.
"Ah"! I killed my mother,
"Left her after me pining".

Your mother, you should not forget,
For she calls you tenderly,
There is nothing more precious
Than the name of mother.

CHARACTER OF THE RUMANIAN

Peasantry:

Craving sympathy, the Rumanian will nevertheless abstain from any attempt to draw it to himself, and an innate reserve forbids him pouring out his woes to the stranger, and still less to the moneyed folk of his own country, whose habit it was to hold the poor in contempt. So he plods through life somewhat sadly, with few hopes and an almost child-like submission to a hard lot. When the crops are good he rejoices; when drought withers the grain before it has had a chance to swell in the ear he meets his bad fortune with the apathy of an inveterate fatalist. In years when the earth scarcely yields the value of the seed put into it, the outlook becomes dreary enough for thrift is not a conspicuous virtue with the peasants. His own proverb might have taught him better: "Gather white money for black days" (Strange bani albi pentru zile nigre). This he will not do: he has an improvident nature, and money that comes his way is soon spent.

Many pretty customs, superstitions in origin, and stamped with the charm of antiquity, are still kept up for old sake's; and the festivals of the Christian year are observed as important holidays are celebrated with elaborate ritual and ceremony.

The religion and beliefs of the Rumanian have come to him largely by oral tradition, being handed down through generation after generation from father to son. These are accompanied by a professed simplicity, but the peasant usually insists, nevertheless, on a certain amount of rather ostentatious display in practice.

.....

Like the Russians, Greeks, and Bulgarians, the Rumanians belong to the Eastern branch of the Orthodox Church, but the services are everywhere conducted in their own tongue "Icoane" or icons, sacred pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mother, or some wonder-working saint, are hung up in their houses, and suspended in front of them is the lighted candela, a little lamp with olive oil and a floating wick. Quaint old crosses are met with about the countryside, some of painted wood, others of carved stone, impressive symbols of a people's faith, and well in keeping with the melancholy and originality of the land. Beautiful monasteries, convents, and churches, many hundreds of years old, lie hidden among the mountains and valleys in secluded sport of beauty; venerable, stately sanctuaries, strangely picturesque, whose origin is wrapped in a veil of legends.

PRIESTLY INFLUENCE ON THE RUMANIAN MASSES

The priests, (in Rumanian called "popas," are not regarded as the shepherds or teachers of their parishioners, but rather as magicians or conjurers, possessing supernatural powers, to be paid for, when needed, at such solemn moments as baptism, marriage, or death, as a rule they are ignorant and somewhat rapacious, but there are among them honest men, simple, kindly Christians, who do their best for the people in their care. As a whole their influence upon the masses has been but slight, and their teachings have been so marred by their ignorance and vicious practices that the peasant refuses to attach special weight to their authority. He is not without some insight, and for long years past, despite his lack of education has been trying in his own unobtrussive way to solve the mighty problems of the world seeking for answers to the eternal Whence! and the noless absorbing Whither.

Towards the priesthood his attitude is for the most part respectful. In order to meet the fees required for various religious rites, he will willingly deny himself; but with this readiness to comply with Church usage goes a subtle kind of scepticism and superstition, especially when dealing with the priestly brotherhood "out of hours." A chance encounter with one of the clergy inevitably gives rise to misgivings of such force that the peasant will throw after the priest's retreating form some small twig, straw, or other object, accompanied by a suitable imprecation guaranteed to ward off evil. A common saying in the country is "Great is God, but

clever is the devil" (mare e Dumnezai, dar mester e si dracul), and the peasant's fear of the one is by no means weakened by his faith in the other. In Transylvania (a part of the Roman province of Dacia under the Emperor Trajan, whose name is still held in honor in Rumania) the priests are more in sympathy with the people and more trusted by them. This is partly because many of them acted as leaders of a movement fanned into activity by Hungarian oppression. When in 1868 Transylvania came for the second time under Hungarian rule, the Magyarization of the province was carried on with cruel persistency. Although the Rumanian element was by far the larger, no adequate representation was allowed, while their language and religion were neither recognized nor respected.

These tribulations are now over, and the Rumanians of Transylvania are reunited with their blood relations in Moldavia and Wallachia. They will probably prove the strongest influence in Rumanian affairs, being more vigorous and enterprising than the people in the older provinces. They are also better educated, some million and a half having been brought up in schools maintained by Roman Catholic religious orders.

In the formal Note in which Rumania intimated to the Austrian Government her entry into a state of war (August, 1916), it was mentioned that the decision had been taken because Austria-hungary, hostile to all domestic reform that might ameliorate the life of the people she governed was as prompt to sacrifice them as she was powerless to defend them against external attacks.

Now that her independence and former provinces have been returned, Rumania is setting herself to bring about an internal reform similar to that emphasized so strongly in the aforesaid Note, an era of progress should follow. Since 1913 the Rumanian territories have more than doubled and it is of interest to compare the seven and a half millions of national fund in Rumania in 1916 with present numbers, now that most of her children in the restored provinces of Transylvania Bessarabia, Banat and Bukovina, are once more safely housed within the frontiers. Out of the seventeen million inhabitants of the present kingdom of Rumania about fourteen million are pure Rumanians - 85 per cent of whom are peasants - while a considerable number still have their homes outside the country's boundaries. Among the latter are the Vlachs; and certain communities of these may be found roaming in Albania and Thessaly, as well as in the region lying toward the Adriatic coast. Restless shepherds, ever wandering over hill and plain, they were marked out by David Urquhart long ago as "these hardy mountaineers, nowhere fixed, but always to be found where the wolves have dens and the eagles nests." (The Spirit of the East, 1838.) In east Transylvania a vast colony of Hungarians still remains, and among other alien citizens are Jews, a numberous and not unimportant part of the population, most of the retail trade being in their hands, also a sprinkling of Germans, Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Serbs, Poles, Ruthenians, Ukranians, with a number of Russians, chiefly refugees.

The gypsies, or ţigani (tzigani), must also be reckoned as a distinct race. They are very numerous, some of them living in

settlements, others leading a nomadic life. To pass a gypsy encampment is a strange experience. The men with long hair floating round their shoulders; the women prematurely old, with brows and features wrinkled at twenty-five, wearing brilliant shawls and kerchiefs; the elfish children with bright eyes and thieving fingers. They look like some tribe that has been sleeping since the Middle Ages, and has just wakened to new life.

The Rumanians, though musical by nature and often skilled performers on violin, cobza, flute, and other national instruments, are excelled and supplanted by these ţigani (tzigani). The latter have a wonderful, natural talent for music, and many make it their business in life. The "lăutari" (gypsy musicians) are in great request for Sunday dancing, weddings, and feast days of the peasantry. The musicians are even welcomed in aristocratic circles; at entertainments' in Bucharest and in Jassy some of them are known to command from 200 to 300 francs for a few hours in the evening. The gypsy music of Rumania has a distinct strain of melancholy running through it, very different from the wild and fiery music of the Hungarian wanderers.

The Carpathian Mountains lend to the land great beauty, especially in Bukovina, and their lower slopes are rich in pasture and in cultivated ground. To the traveler, the plains seem unattractive, endless and dusty, but to the husbandman they are all that can be desired. The sea coast is short, but there is an excellent port, Constanţa (Constantza), which is also a seaside resort, thronged in summer with merry pleasure-seekers. At Cernovada

between Bucharest and Constanta, the railway crosses the Danube, by means of the well-known bridge over ten miles in length. No river could be more valuable as a highway in peace, or more strategically useful in war than the Danube.

Contemplating the broad, slow-moving current, the imagination is stirred at the thought of all the history that has been made on its banks. Ever since men combined to form tribes and nations or were merged into races, they have fought and struggled for the possession of this mighty river. The territory of the Dobroja (Dobruja), situated between the Danube and the Black Sea, has been the scent of battles innumerable, but never one so great, so sanguinary, or so decisive of the largest issues, as the struggle in the autumn of 1916.

Though almost entirely without schooling, the Rumanian country folk are shrewd in many matters, especially those relating to their wellbeing. Of nature they have a bountiful knowledge, and are keen observers of weather signs. They can rival the English farmer in trenchant complaints about the uncertainty of their climate, and are equally competent to make a forecast of the weather. In the national diet, maize forms a large element. It is eaten in all manner of forms, even raw when young, and freshly gathered from the reed-like stems. Boiled or baked, the young cobs may be seen on all peasant tables. When ripe the hard kernels are ground to powder and used for making cakes, or, as is more customary, porridge, known as mamaliga - similar to Italian polenta - and eaten either hot or cold, sometimes

with branza, a cheese made from the milk of sheep. Butcher's meat seldom finds its way into these humble homes; the chief table delicacies are poultry and pigs, which usually form part of the peasant's livestock.

Vegetables are grown in plenty. A special fondness is shown for pepper pods, known as ardei (in England called chillies), and extremely unpalatable to the untrained taste. On reaching maturity these pods become a bright red, so that the custom of stringing them like onions and hanging them on the walls of the huts in singularly effective on the stained beams, or the spick-and-span whiteness of a cottage exterior; these brilliant splashes of color being very pleasing to the eye. Before the great war vegetables were supplied every where in Rumania by immigrant Bulgarian market gardens - vegetable gardens being known as "Bulgari." They are now slowly picking up their old occupation, for Rumanians in town must have vegetables, and the peasants are not the people to take up a new trade suddenly.

Their houses and field work accomplished (these absorb most of their time), the women and girls occupy themselves with embroidery, and their exquisite productions are renowned throughout Europe. Family garments are made generally by hand; the growing, spinning, and weaving of flax constitute, in Rumania, an industry of many centuries' standing. For Sundays and holidays, every girl has an embroidered blouse to wear, with a pretty kerchief to arrange over her head and shoulders. Gay colors and ornaments are the delight of both young

and old. The men's gala costumes make them look like the brigands in a comic opera. Their sleeveless sheepskin coats are worn with the leather outside, with much colored embroidery to brighten it up. Sandals of goatskin are worn in summer, high boots in the cold weather; these they frequently make for themselves; in short nearly everything necessary for wardrobe and for household use. Including even the stoves, is of home and hand construction.

While dancing is the chief amusement and favorite Sunday pastime of the younger generation (the national dance is the Hora, a round dance, popular all through the Balkans), drinking may be said to be that of the men more advanced in years. Although during the week the innkeeper rarely has a customer, the peasant is seldom without some alcoholic drink in the public-house on Sundays. Here he meets with friends with whom he may pass the time in a sociable manner, forget the hardships of his troubled existence, and laugh and drink until perhaps he even forgets the wisdom of that saying of his: "Drink, but do not drink thy sense" (Sa bei, dar sa'nu'ti bei mintea).

Spring in Rumania is of short duration, summer, however, begins in April, and the hot weather often lasts into November. The winter is less severe than in Russia, but snow lies upon the mountains from December until March. In the plains, unless there happens to be a wind blowing, it is seldom very cold. Harvest comes early, and on good land it is possible to take two hay crops - sometimes even three. Women do more than their fair share of work in the fields, and are considered more laborious and painstaking than their men folk.

Short-lived though the spring may be, it is a time of wonderful beauty, transforming the countryside into a fairy land of delicate pink and white blossoms. On all sides fruit trees abound; they fringe the roadsides, line the hill-slopes, cluster about the plains, encircle and intersect the hamlets in picturesque confusion. That their fruits are not always of a cultivated or even a palatable order is of no great consequence to the peasants, who make use of them to suit their needs. A favorite beverage of theirs, called "Tuica" (tzuica), is prepared from plums, and, if carefully distilled, makes a light, tasty kind of plum brandy.

For splendor of color the early autumn is supreme over every other season. When the harvest is at its height, Rumania may be seen in her most attractive and most brilliant aspect. Then it is that the fruits of the earth are gathered in and the wide fields of grain are stained here and there by the vivid, bright-hued costumes of the peasants. With skin healthily bronzed by long exposure to wind and sun, their movements fubl of easy grace and vigor, one may watch them without weariness by the hour, for, in truth, harvesting is carried on with a glad energy that would cast a spell over the most sullen and unresponsive disposition.

Frequent laughter of children and constant cheerful chatter can be heard, while every now and then a voice will fill the air with the quaint lilt of some well-known folk song; this will be taken up in the chorus by other voices, some perhaps even old and quavering;

for the golden time of harvest, with its soothing influence springing up from the rich, ripe earth, seems to knit all hearts in kindly concord. Not far off, and generally alongside a highway, some tall tree or a cluster of trees will indicate a well. Here the workers will come at intervals to fill their earthenware jars with cool water, or it may be to rest a while in the grateful shadows of the overhanging foliage.

Sometimes a stone or wooden cross stands near, a memorial to someone who has passed away, and whose last thought had been to bequeath a well to the thirsting, travel-stained fellow creatures he was leaving behind. Only when evening is fast approaching will the workers lay down their implements. Then the horses, little, unlovely things, with large bones and elongated necks, or usually a pair of oxen - mouse-colored, soft-eyed creatures - will be harnessed to a long, low cart, and the little cortege will begin its homeward journey down the endless straight road, thick with white dust which rises in clouds and envelopes cart and all with a filmy gray veil.

Oft times the sunset - and the autumn skies of Rumania are almost unequaled in their fiery brilliance at eventide - spreads its warm radiance upon the toil-worn workers like a heavenly blessing, softening the landscape, promising great things for the morrow, and giving a sense of restful peace to those whose long day's work is over.

From a short distance away the villages look neat and comfortable, but many of the homes are almost unfit for habitation.

The better cottages are, however, whitewashed, and stand snugly in small gardens. The roads are fair, and the country generally has a civilized appearance; but the more intelligent among the people complain that very little is done to improve or civilize them. A strangely enduring, reserved people, these humble landsmen encounter every hardship with a stoicism almost fatalistic. It is this very resignation that invests them with a dignity and a nobility all their own. Inaccessible to foreign influences in the mountains, their fathers guarded the ancient traditions of their race; to-day in the plains, the peasants still hear the prophetic voices of the past. Between them and nature there exists a communion intimate and profound; the lore of all the countryside is in their keeping; from it they deduce their philosophy, their serenity, their simplicity. A well-known Rumanian statesman once alluded to them as, "The peasants - the most numerous and most interesting part of the Rumanian people." He was right. The peasants of today are even as the peasants of yesterday, whose ancestors were numbered among the legionaries of the Emperor Trajan. They stand for all that Rumania stood for in the past, all she stands for in the present. They are unchanged and unchangeable. "Romanul nu piere"!

THE ROUMANIA (JEWISH) TEMPERAMENT

In my biographies regarding the Roumanians in San Francisco, I have given data of their first emigration to this country, particularly San Francisco; the number of present Roumanians in San Francisco, and the section of the city in which they reside. I have described Roumanian morals, customs, manners, and education. Now, I am trying to analyze, the Roumanian Jewish temperament. By temperament, I mean that which results from all the characteristics transmitted to us from our ancestors, independently of what education may later add to the common heritage.

The Roumanian Christians consider the Jew the worst of persons. If you were to choose at random ten Christians, and were to ask each of them, "What are the most striking traits of Jewish character?" I am quite sure that nine of them would answer unhesitatingly, Cheating, instability, inconstancy, and worthlessness"; and the tenth, if he hesitated, would probably be thinking that the others were right. Such in fact, is the current opinion about most of the Jews.

The Roumanian Christians have not been the only ones to form such opinions. Some of the other countries have too often adopted, without modification the same opinion, namely, that the Roumanian Jews are unstable, crooked, wothless creatures, and so on.

I leave it to you to complete the list of synonyms which one can easily gather around this idea.

Doubtless, there is a modicum of truth in this opinion. Judgments made by one people upon another are not necessarily false, but such generalizations are obviously superficial. People as a rule see only one side, the external and obvious; they are ignorant of the inner side, which if it were better known, would modify, correct, or even reverse their general impression; above all they do not sound the reasons for the faults on which they seize, and thus they obscure the true significance of those faults and their relative importance in the temperament as a whole. Let me, before I attempt to correct the picture, see to what extent their observations are correct.

It is certain that the Roumanians speak at a higher pitch and more rapidly than the American people - I say American - because the French and other European nationalities also speak in the above mentioned manner. They even shout, jostle one another, dispute over a mere nothing. It is astonishing to see how life offers opportunities for scolding. Because the nervous tempo of their being is very rapid, they are capable of impulsive, sudden, and almost explosive actions. They are easily fired by an idea, a cause; they abandon themselves utterly to a spirit of exaltation that carried them away and prevents them from seeing the obstacles in their path. And, as happens with enthusiasms not supported by reflection, these ardors cannot long be sustained at the same high level. When the reaction comes, the result is depression,

and this may even have the appearance of discouragement, although it represents simply a return to the normal.

The Roumanian Jews are optimistic people. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is a proverb which you will often hear from their lips. If today is favorable, why should tomorrow be less so? If difficulties arise, there will always be time to take thought. Let us enjoy life, then, let us extract from it all that it can give. It is generous and full of miracles. That's their motto.

If a Roumanian Jew is in normal condition, you will see no tenseness in his face, no rigidity of the lips, and none of the sternness of glance habitual to people of a colder temperament or who wish to seem aloof and superior. You will see an expression of imtimate satisfaction and ease on his face, a smile on his lips, and a light of contentment in his eye, as if he were secretly conversing with an invisible and particularly charming person.

Now this happy disposition, if one will only reflect upon it, is a somewhat rare gift. One is not an optimist at will. One's nature may lead him to see things in a rosy light, but one can maintain this condition only if his mind is ready to resist the whims of fate. To take life as it comes, courageously, to accept its buffetings, one must have good sense and moderation, the privilege of none but those who know how to judge the world in which he lives.

The educated Roumanian Jew does not laugh at everything or on every occasion. Indeed, he is particularly exacting in the choice of the sub-

jects or objects by which he consents to be diverted. He may even be bored on occasions when other people, who pass as grave, will be hugely amused. Many times have I heard certain of them mutter, "It isn't funny," when they heard a joke which, although it made foreigners go into paroxysms of mirth, they considered childish. The fact is, that in the eyes of the educated Roumanian Jew, gayety must have to recommend it a certain depth, a basis of intellectual significance. They wish to be amused, but not without good reason. Because their seriousness is always hidden under gayety, it is more difficult to detect.

When you grow to know them, you find yourself surprised that such persecuted people, can devote themselves so assidously to the far from alluring duties - professional, domestic, or whatever else - of daily, weekly, yearly existence. When it comes to hard work, they will attack it with persistent vigor. The love of work is the predominating quality of the Roumanian Jew. Even the theories (of foreign origin) about the limitation of the hours which the workman owes his master, if they have somewhat dimmed this ancient and solid virtue, have not been able to destroy it. How often one sees workmen, their day's work done, undertaking some supplementary job in order to add a little to the daily wage: This love of work sustains also the numerous class of small commercial employes, who often toil with untiring cheerfulness from ten to twelve hours a day, sometimes for ridiculous salaries, and, who, by prodigies of ingenuity, manage to make both ends meet, bring up their

children well, and even maintain a prosperous appearance.

Another of their characteristics is their providence. Their habit of economy is indeed proverbial; it is often cited against them as a fault. It is possible that some of them carry the love of money to an extreme. Avarice is a human weakness, but this vice is not general. In reality most of the Jewish people are economical and generous. Some of them are notorious for the excessive liberality with which they distribute tips. This generosity is perhaps, a natural effect of their optimism, which leads them, when they follow their instinct, to have no fear for the morrow. But, by one of those contradictions which prove that there are in them always two conflicting temperaments, they have an invincible horror of waste. They wish their expenditures to be rightly proportioned to their needs; they particularly insist that it should give them the maximum of pleasure or comfort. To live economically they say, is sensible. To indulge all one's fancies, to spend money as quickly as one earns it, is not that a proof that one does not know how to resist the impulses of instinct? They say economical man is he who knows how to restrain his first impulses. To administer one's fortune wisely and with judgment, to know how to refuse oneself useless pleasures, presupposes a great self-mastery, and, far from being a fault, is a proof of will power and firmness.

Antoinette Jackson.

THE NIGHT OF AUTOMN

NOAPTE DE TOAMNA

Cu albastra lui podoabă din zări in zări intinsă
Acelaş cer de toamnă acopere pe toţi.
In nopţile cu număr, câte o stea desprinsă
Alunecă'n bordeiul sărmanilor iloţi.

In apa de la moară cu scânteeri de brumă
Se uită varcolanul de lună agăţat
Aŭ amuţit sub vreascuri şi cântece şi glumă,
Iar fata mare uită scump visul ce-a visat.

O pasăre se cuibăreşte'n ramuri
Deseară ca să doarmă, dar nu găseşte loc,
Ea clatină crengute din teiul gol, la geamuri,
Solie--amintitoare acum de nenoroc.

Fug ielel in chip de lungi umbre după lună
S'o'ncurce'n plasa largă de nori cu adieri.
S'aude - un orologiu, bătând, ca să ne spună
Că vremea care trece nu doarme nicăieri.

Source: Roumanian Newspaper "America". December 17, 1936.

HITLER

The German Lucifier

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"

Nov. 17, 1936.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

A concourse boisterous, with one intent.
Met in a large Cathedral, where they went
From plain and city, traveling far to greet
Their Fuehrer, devotee at Wisdom's feet.

With regal pomp Hitler arrived and rose,
Requesting audience as one who knows.
"Gladly I speak", quoth he, "but this I want,
Jews have no place round the baptismal font".

"Let them depart and poison not this place".
'Midst whispered murmurs, gazing at his face,
The people jostled while they milled around,
Yet no one left, which settled gloom profound.

Infuriated that his mandate met
With no response, and lest all should forget
His august presence and his visit there,

He bade " all Sheenies " leave and "take the air".
When lo! from the high altar Christ descends,
And followed by His Mother, slowly wends
His way down steps and crowded aisles to where
They pass out thro' the portals to the air,
And 'neath tall trees whose verdure screens the sky
On banks of moss and daisies, there they lie.

Protests from Bishop fall on heedless ears;
"Witout the Christ, what benediction cheers
Our fainting souls and who s hall give us peace?"
Hitler as Lucifier replies: "All light shall cease
That is not mine. My presence and my light
Are yours. Arrange My portrait ere the light
Falls on the landscape where your feet have trot.
I am your light, your Savior and your God."

Antoinette Jackson

"HITLER"

Many people; boisterousness, at a big cathedral
From city and vicinity, and many even from a distance...
Await their Fuehrer, to listen to his message,
The desire of all being to uplift their country to happiness.

With great pomp Hitler was introduced
And requested to speak to them, being much applauded.
I speak to you gladly, answered he, "But one thing I want
"Those that are Jews, I request they get out".

Murmurs, whispers, between people elbow jostling, they
mill around
Looking at each other, but no one wants to leave.
From the platform he saw the people's movement.
Seeing no one leave, he became greatly irritated.

"I repeat once more, he said again infuriated.
"Whoever is a (Sheenie) should get out of here immediately."
As he finished the word. O good Lord! What an occurrence!
Confusing those present and setting "Him" wondering.

Then from the altar Christ descends calmly
And with a smile upon his lips, quietly goes out.
Followed by his Mother The Holy Virgin.
"Excellency, what are we doing? you see Christ leaves?"
Said the Bishop from the pew, with majestic voice.
"Where shall we go? (Or what shall we do now?) without his
advice?
Who can fill the absence of God's son?"
"Don't worry," he answered. "The advice even I can give you.
And what matters the absence. Arrange my portrait!!"

XXX

Source of information: A literal translation from the newspaper "America" Nov. 17, 1936. No attempt has been made to preserve the poetic form.

Antoinette Jackson

"HITLER"

Lume multă, imbulzeală, la c Catedrală mare,
Din oraș și'n prejurare, și mulți chiar din depărtare,
Astiept pe al lor Fuehrer să-i asculte a lui vorbire,
Și cu toții să inalte țara lor spre fericire.....

Introdus cu multă pompă Hitler fu recomandat,
Și rugat sa le vorbească, fiind mult aplaudat.
Vă vorbesc cu drag răspunse, insă un lucru ce vreau doar
Cari sunt evrei aicea, ii p o f t e s c să iasă afar'..

Murmur, șoapte, printre lume dau din coate, se indeasă
Se priveau unii pe altii, dar nimeni nu vrea sa iasă,
El privea de la'nălțime a poporului mișcare
Văzând că nimeni nu ese se irita foarte tare.

Mai repet incă o dată, zise iar infuriat,
Care e "Jidan" să iasă de-aci imediat,
D'abia termina cuvântul O Prea Sfinte ce'ntămplare;
Uluind pe cei de fața și punându'l in mirare.

Căci de pe Catapeteasmă Christos domol se coboară,
Și cu zâmbetul pe buze linistit eși afară,
Urmărit de-a lui Maică, de Prea Pururea Fecioară
Excelență ce ne facem? Vedeți că pleacă Christos?
Zise Vlădica din stană, cu glasul său majestos,
Incontro s'o luăm acuma? singari făr'de sfatul său
Cine poate unplea golul fiului Dumneseu?
Nu vă ingrijorati răspunse; Sfatul vi'l pot da chiar eu,
Lar in ce privește golul....Așezați portretul meu!!!

Antoinette Jackson

ROUMANIANS

The Roumanians are descendants of the Romans. When the Britons were running half-naked in the forests, their minds a prey to degrading superstitions, Roumania is supposed to have been somewhat civilized.

After the collapse of the Roman system, until the Sixth Century, they enjoyed comparative peace. Thereafter Roumania became the battlefield of many races competing for the sovereignty of southeastern Europe - Bulgarians, Greeks, Turks, Hungarians, Austrians, Poles, Russians, all left their mark upon the country, the language and the people.

At the present day, the history, tradition, and individuality of the country find their deepest expression, not in the ruling classes but in the masses - the non-intelligentsia. Therefore, to describe the real Rumania it is necessary to describe the real Roumanians, viz., the hard-working peasants. In the simple lives of these toil-worn people, in their legends, superstitions, and songs, the wild fantastic lore of a wild fantastic folk, in their plaintive melodies,

called forth by ill-shapen hands from strange, ill-shapen instruments - one may trace the proud, aloof way the bands of wandering mountaineers, calling themselves Daco-Romans, have taken since those early days.

Never have the Roumanians been a happy or fortunate people. From the time when Roman immigrants and Dacians became merged into one racial strain, they have been increasingly harassed by invaders of one sort or another. Throughout the Middle Ages they suffered terribly at the hands of the barbarian bordes that swept over the land again and again, while later, under Turkish rule, their hardships and privations proved almost overwhelming. This period, extending over several centuries must be reckoned as deficient in progress - long, lean years, with hardly a trace of national development, and utterly hopeless as regards freedom and independence. But there was that in the soul of the people which refused to die, and which silently countered all misfortune and misery. When, finally, the Ottoman regime relaxed its iron hold, the Roumanians emerged, rising again from their ashes, like the legendary Phoenix of their ancient Dacian heraldic device - a whole nation, seared and shaken, but steadfast, an undaunted entity.

The Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 in which the Roumanians under the leadership of King Carol I, played an important part, brought them independence. It was the turning point in the history of the nation. Since that day, Roumania has maintained her place as one

of the free nations of the world. It is well known how gallant a part she played in the Great War. Her unpreparedness, however, was the cause of many disasters. The Roumanian troops had a thankless task to perform. Ill equipped as they were, they managed to delay the enemy, though they could not keep him out of the country. That they did delay the invasion for so long is a proof of their courage and endurance. In spite of the cruel fate that had befallen Serbia and Montenegro, their neighbors, they loyally adhered to the cause of the Allies, and carried on the campaign even when their physical strength was wellnigh spent, and their territory overrun by the armies of the Central Powers - a misfortune which entitles them to the gratitude and affection of the Allies.

What knowledge Great Britain may possess about Roumania has come to her within the last half century. Before the Eighteenth Century all political intercourse between the two countries was carried on through the British Embassy at Constantinople. Less than six years prior to the Russo-Turkish War, Roumania was little more than a name to most British people. It was at that time, for example, that complaints were made by the English Counsul at Bucharest regarding Moldavia, roused little or no interest. Worthy of mention is the fact that writers of the Seventeenth Century more than once expressed their astonishment that among the Slavonic and Turkish races of southeastern Europe, there should be found a people distinct in language and customs, according to William Lithgow, who

tells us he found "the very vulgars speaking frequent latin."

During the millennium of their sojourn among the Carpathians, the Roumanians led a nomodic pastoral life. The old Roman civilization steadily waned with the years, and, finally, under the severe pressure of Slav, Turkish, and Greek domination, died out, leaving little behind it except the language, and that strongly corrupted by foreign influence, together with a few customs and usages easily identified with those of the ancient Daco-Romans.

The Roumanians are still essentially "children of the soil," their heart and soul are in the land, and rightly so, since the land has been the mainstay of their very existence. Scattered about the hills and mountains, the people learned to read the great truths of nature's book, with the result that even their habits and superstitions took on a new form and received a new molding. The rugged character of the Roumanian peasant of today is marked by the old-time stubbornness and endurance, and a fine, study devotion to open spaces and far-off distances. "The mountains are the creators as well as the cradle of the Roumanian nation."

Although the masses of the people were brought up as shepherds and cultivators of the soil for nearly two thousand years, very little of the land actually belonged to them. This was through no fault of theirs. For many centuries they never desisted from their demand for land. More than half the available area of the country was

owned by wealthy proprietors who paid but scant attention to the humble folk that toiled for them year in, year out. That a certain antagonism should have existed between the laborers and their masters were not surprising. The laborers felt that their toil stood for nothing. The dire poverty experienced by their fathers and their fathers' fathers was theirs too - endless toil without reward, sowing but never reaping. The bitterness which naturally resulted from such a condition of things was expressed by the poet Cerna, one of their own countrymen, in the following words, filled with pathetic yearning.

"The years go by in vain, for the house we build is not ours, the land for which we cry and suffer only buries us."

Roumania is a country of rocky heights and rolling plains, with fertile soil, and richly endowed by nature. In the mountainous districts, timber, salt, and petroleum are produced, while on the Dobruja (steppes) about the delta of the Danube, sheep and cattle are raised in large numbers. Before the Great War, Roumania stood next to Russia and the United States of America as the third agricultural country in the world. In summer vast stretches of land are colored for hundreds of miles a burnished gold by the ripening wheat, while the extensive maize crops add a cool and delightful contrast by their vigorously waving greenery although the quantity of grain exported has always been enormous, the poverty of the people remained unalleviated; and with patience they awaited the day when a just and

proper share in the profits from the products of their fertile land should fall to their lot. The Great War was the chief factor in promoting this agrarian reconstruction, for when Roumanian territory had been freed from the invading armies it became evident that the mental attitude of the peasantry had undergone so great a change as to make a continuation of the old method of cultivation of the estates an impossibility. Realizing the importance of this great internal problem, the Government proceeded to bring about energetic and far-reaching reforms, which affected all the big estates without exception, including even the king's domains. Some privileges have already been granted to the people, but a number of these privileges still require to be established on a recognized and stable basis, otherwise the status of the landowner is not likely to be permanently improved.

The Government has admitted the justice of the demands of the landless peasant, and has introduced an extensive agrarian reform by means of which some areas of land have been expropriated in the public interest, due compensation having been made, and distributed in lots among the peasants. The work of appropriation is being carried on in the newly annexed provinces, as well as in Old Rumania, where many peasants are in possession of small holdings. This reform assures the cultivation of the country's whole area. With their economic independence and their security of tenure somewhat guaranteed, a vast improvement in the domestic, intellectual,

and political condition of the peasantry should be evident.

Most of the better class of Roumanians are a mixed race and could with truth take to themselves a variation of the British formula and say: "Turk and Greek and Armenian are we."

Neither must the German influence imported into the country by Prince Karl of Hohenzollern (Carol I.), be overlooked; nor yet the British influence, gentle and tactful, brought to bear upon her devoted subjects by Queen Marie, daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh and wife of the former ruling King Ferdinand, a nephew of King Carol.

But notwithstanding the numerous races that have intermingled with this people, the language remains indisputable Latin, and has much in common with Italian. It was not held in high esteem, however, and was practically left to the masses. In recent years some signs of the formation of a literature have shown themselves, and this is leading up to an awakened interest in the vernacular of the country. The Roumanian people are rich in proverbs and folklore. The late Queen Elisabeth, King Carol's wife, a gifted woman - authoress, painter, musician, and linguist, known under the pseudonym "Carmen Sylva," translated a number of the popular stories into English, and Queen Marie, also endowed with literary talent has translated some of these facinating tales. The peasants, too, delight in telling them, and in singing traditional songs about the former days of their country's greatness and prosperity.

The Roumanians possess many fine qualities. They are self-confident, serious, and steady. Unfortunately this cannot be said of the upper classes without considerable qualification. As already intimated, they are of mixed breed, with more of Greek in their composition than any other strain; and the admiration and respect which is due to the Roumanians generally cannot be accorded to these classes in particular. The Turks employed Greeks to govern the country for them, and during the Eighteenth Century Greek was the prevailing language of the educated and wealthy. It becomes a common proverb that "He who is a cake maker in Greece may be a prince in Roumania." The nobles followed Greek modes of dress, Greek social customs, and imitated them in every way, besides intermarrying with them.

The outcome of all this seems to be that the present nobility have no settled tradition of public service. They go to France for their education, and their ambition is to be as French as possible in their habits. After all, not an unnatural turn of mind for a Latin race; In the capital, French is as much spoken as Roumanian, and everywhere the educated Roumanian knows something of that language. Bucharest, the chief city and railway center for the whole country, is known as "the city of enjoyment." or as a "little Paris," it has however, merely the surface show of its model, the appearance of gaiety and pleasure; the hard core of the effort and seriousness which underlies the social life of Paris is not to be found in the Roumanian capitol.

On the other hand, it must not be assumed that all better class Roumanians are pleasure-loving and indolent. Many among them are vigorous, hard-working plain-living people. Like most southerners the Roumanians are a hospitable people, delighting in the entertainment of friends.

The "open-house" system is put into practice most strikingly. Good manners and an attractive personality continue to make the Roumanians agreeable and charming hosts. And yet these same well-to-do Roumanians trouble very little about those living outside the sphere in which they move and have their being. This indifference may well have been a chief factor in establishing the gulf between the peasant and the wealthy classes. Still, common to all, to the low born son of the soil and to the aristocrat of palatial surroundings is a certain pride of race; and, the peasant exhibits this pride none the less emphatically because of its being held in restraint.

-To be continued-

Antoinette Jackson.

PRIETENILORI MEI.

Acum departe sunt de voi
In altă casă intre străini
Impart cu ei griji şi nevoi,
Şi ori-ce durere şi chin.

Nu mi se pare viaţa grea,
Că m'am deprins să fiu pribeag,
Şi altă viaţă n'aşi mai vrea
De cât călcând din prag in prag.

Ca să nu fiu prea mult oprit
De drag, in casa cuiva,
De nimeni să nu fiu iubit,
In lumea asta falşa, rea.

Vii dor acuma de mine, cred !
De câte ori in vis vă văd
Şi'n lacrimi dorul mi'l ustoi.

Dar când gândesc de câte ori
Voi cu răceala m'aţi primit
Ne'nerezători şi temători
Ca pe un strein m'aţi socotit.

Nu vreau 'napoi să mă mai intorc
Pe calea pe unde am trecut,
Ci tot 'nainte să mă port
Instreinat pe veci, perdut.

Nu vreau să vă mai supār iar,
Și ca povară să vă fiu,
Ci'ncet, și tot mai rar
Să nu mă știți să nu vă știu.

Source: Roumanian newspaper AMERICA.
December 24, 1936.

TO MY FRIENDS

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper America

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 24, 1936.

By

Antoinette Jackson

Now, far I am from you
In another house, among strangers
I share with them sorrows,
And whatever pain, and torment.

Life does not seem hard to me,
That I got used to be wandering,
And another life I should not want,
But to walk from door-sill to door-sill.

Not to be stopped too much
Out of kindness, in someone's home,
No one should love me
In this false, bad world.

You are lonesome after me now, I believe!
How many times in dream I see you,
And in tears my loneliness I bear.

But, when I think how many times
You with coldness have received me,
Unbelieving and fearful
Like a stranger you considered me.

I don't want to return
To the road, which I trod,
But forward, I should go
Enstranged forever, lost.

I don't want to anger you anymore,
And to be like a burden to you,
But, little by little to forget you
Soon you would not know me, I would
not know you,

* * *

Antoinette Jackson.

MAMEI MELE

Mi-aduc aminte, atunci, când ai plecat,
Că n'ai vrut să ne vezi, te-ai supărat.
Eram ceva mai mult de cât de un an, micuț, plângând,
Când imi spunea streinii să nu mai plâng.

Și vezi, n'am plâns, dar am tot așteptat
Să vii odată acasă, la noi in sat.
La zile mari, bunica și colăcei facea,
Și cu luminiaprinse să te primim zicea.

Și tu n'ai venit dar cât-odat'
Când clopotul suna la noi in sat,
Bunica ochii și-i stergea plângând,
Să ne rugăm zicea, pentru un mormânt.

Iar când eșiam in sat, tus patru frați,
Femeile in porți ne mângâia pe brați,
Sărmani copii - zicea - de mama lor lipsiti,
Și lăcrămau și ele, iar noi priveam mâhniți.

Noi nu ştiam de ce aşa toţi se tot mir,
Dar intr'o zi bunicul ne-a dus in cimitir,
Şi cu lumini aprinse ne-a pus să'ngenunchem
La capul mamei noastre, acolo lângă un lemn!

Dar n'am crezut c'acolo să fie mama mea,
Că o ştiam acasă, in caz a'şi cere ceva,
Şi când adesea singur acasă rămâneam,
Să ne hrănească mama la prâns noi mergeam.

Ş'acu in vis te vad, adesea vi la mine,
Mă mângâi cu ochii dulci şi mă indemni la bine,
Acum pricep mai bine de ce tu ai plecat,
Că'n tot locul cu mine să fii neincetat!

Eu pentru tine, mama, mă rog, să mă te ţină
In paza Lui, Stăpânul, in sfânta lui lumină,
Şi eŭ aci in lume, mă voi sili mereŭ,
Să te iubesc pe tine, s'ascult pe Dumnezeu'.

Source: Roumanian newspaper "America" Jan. 9, 1937.

TO MY MOTHER

A literal translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"

January 9, 1937.

By

Antoinette Jackson.

I remember, then, when you left,
That you did not want to see us, you became angry.
I was little over a year, tiny, crying,
When strangers told me, not to cry any more.

And you see, I did not cry, but I still waited
For you, to come Home to us in the village.
For hoidays grandmother made sweetmeats,
And with lighted lamps, we should receive you, she said.

And you did not come, but sometime,
When the bell rang in our village,
Grandmother wiped her weeping eyes,
"We should pray", she said, for a grave.

When we, all four brothers, went out into the village,
The women at the docks comforted us in their arms,
"Poor children", they said; "Left without their mother",
And they also wept, while we looked on distressed.

We did not know, why they all so wondered,
But one day grandfather took us to the cemetery,
And with lighted candles, he told us to kneel
At the head of our mother, there, next to a log!

But I did not believe that my mother was there,
For I knew her at home, in case I'd ask for something,
And when often alone I remained at home,
To mother to feed us, for lunch we went.

And now in dream I see you, often you come to me.
You console me with glad eyes and guide me to the good.
"Now I understand better why you went away,
So that everywhere with me you should be constantly present".

I pray for you mother to the Master to keep you
In His gracious care, and holy light,
And I in this world, will try constantly,
To love you, and to listen to God!

TO MY MOTHER

A fleeting vision of absence, anguish, tears,
Are scanty recollections of past years,
When you, my mother, left me loudly weeping,
Ere the dark night came sadly, softly creeping.
We were as one, and oft in wonderment
Since then I queried why and where you went.

Oft have I sobbed myself to sleep, at night,
When strangers came and told me not to cry,
Bidding me wait and strive to live aright,
When we meet again, dear, you and I.
This was slight comfort to a little child,
Bereft of love and filled with longing wild.

And still you came not, but within that place,
Hallowed by e'en the memory of your face,
The church bells rang their vespers oft at eve,
While in the west a crimson glow would weave
Strange patterns in a wondrous, painted sky,
Festooned with fleecy clouds that floated by.

While in descending twighlight, ere I slept,
My grandmother would wipe her weeping eyes,
And bidding me good night, again she wept,
And bade me pray for her who lonely lies
Within a grave her loved ones sought to share
'Neath load of sorrow none of us could bear.

For there were times when we, four brothers, went
Down to the village, worn with pain, and spent
With our deep loss, too deep for words to tell;
And women at the docks who knew us well,
Would seek to comfort us with fond embrace,
And show their pity in each rugged face.

And later one night we went among the graves,
Green-clad and covered o'er with blossoms fair,
And we were told to kneel, holding short staves
Whereon were candles set, whose yellow flare
Lit up the cemetery where she lay,
And there we knelt and prayed till break of day.

Yet there was that within my inmost soul,
That swift denied the thought that she was dead,
And nicer in dreams I saw her, fair and whole
With a soft golden halo round her head,
Like unto portraits painted long ago,
Whose artists caught the halo and its glow.

And now, dear mother, you I understand,
And why you left our home and this dear land.
There is no death for one whose love so blesses
All that you touch, Heaven offers more caresses.
And there is nought but life and love beyond,
Where bliss eternal holds life's magic wand.

I pray for you, to Him and in whose keeping
You have found peace and freedom from all weeping.
I think of you by day and oft by night
I feel you r presence, while your holy light
Enspheres my dreams and keeps me strong and sweet
Until in Heaven we shall one day meet.

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper AMERICA .
January 9, 1937.

Antoinette Jackson.

OSTENILORI ROMÂNI

Dragi osteni ai tārei mele,
Ce-a'ti rupt lantul iobagiei,
Si v'ati dat sângele vostru,
Pe altarul României.

A-ti luptat la baionetā,
Si prin ploaie si prin vānt,
Ca sā desrobiti pāmāntul
Patriei - Pāmāntul Sfānt.

Prin redute si prin santuri,
Osteniti, flāmānzi si goi,
Sunteti salvatorii nostri,
Mā'nchin Vouā dragi Eroi.

Glasul vostru sā rāsune,
Dragi copii ai invierii,
Nu numai pe cāmpul luptei,
Ci in Parlamentul Tārei.

Voi a'ti desrobit pāmāntul,
Dragii nostrii frati, nepoti....
Gura voastrā sā grāiascā
LIBERTATEA PENTRU TOTI.

Source: Roumanian newspaper "America"

January 14, 1937.

TO THE WEARY RUMANIANS

A literal translation from the Roumanian newspaper

America, Dec. 12, 1936.

By

Antoinette Jackson

Dear weary ones of my Country,
Who tore the chain of serfdom,
And gave your blood.
On Rumania's altar.

You fought with bayonets,
Through rain and wind:
To free your native land,
The sacred land.

Through roads and ditches,
Fatigued, hungry, and naked.
You are our saviors,
I kneel to you dear heroes

Your voices should resound,

Dear children of resurrection.

Not only on the battlefield,

But in the country's Parliament.

You, our dear brothers, nephews,

Have freed the land from serfdom (subjugation)

Your mouth should proclaim

Freedom for all.

DEDICATED TO

ROUMANIAN HEROES OF FREEDOM.

In Cause of Liberty and Brotherhood
Wherein the chains of serfdom should be broken,
Our sons arose and nobly gave their blood,
Leaving on Freedom's Altar their high token.

With bayonet and hand-to hand- they fought,
Wresting the rights of others to survive
In peace secure, when their deeds were wrought,
Leaving but few on battlefield alive.

Thro' mire and mud, past trench and rugged roads
Treading war-stricken plains, our heroes trod,
Hungry and nacked, weary 'neath their loads
They staggered on, struggling o'er blood-soaked sod.

And yet with the tattered shreds of rag
That formed the remnants of their banner brave,
There was the glory of our Country's Flag,
That in more glorious peace, should proudly wave.

To you, who bore the'insignia of our Faith,
I bow the knee; our savior and our pride.
You freed our land, challenging pain and death,
To grant us Freedom's Conquest far and wide.

Lift up your voices; let your songs resound,
Children of Resurection's Right-of-way,
For Peace hath made our land a holy ground,
And ushered in a new holier Day.

Translation from the Roumanian newspaper "America"
Dec. 12, 1936. Cleveland . Ohio.

Antoinette Jackson.

SANTA CLAUS

MOS CRĂCIUN

Mamă dragă, Moș Crăciun,
De ce esti asa de bun?
De ce duci jucării
Si bomboane la copii?
Stiu că mă iubeste mult
Si taticul când ascult;
Si tu mamătica mea,
Nu prea esti cu mine rea,
Dar, mamico, Moș Crăciun
Parcă tot este mai bun.
El mereu m'a răsfătat
Si de loc nu m'a certat!
Totusi, vezi tu, drept să'ti spun,
Il iubesc pe Moș Crăciun
Că-mi aduce ce doresc,
Însă tot mai mult iubesc
Pe părintii-mi amândoi
Căci ei m'au scos din nevoi,
Si de mine ingrijesc,
Eu de-aceia ii cinstesc.

Source:Newspaper AMERICA.. Dec. 12,1936.

Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor.

Antoinette Jackson, Research Ass't.

The biography of Carol Friedmann.

Carol Friedmann, a native of Roumania, 62 years of age, has lived in San Francisco about forty-two years. He emigrated to the United States shortly after the twentieth year in consequence of information he had derived from the studies while a student at a private school in the town of Ploesti, where he was born.

Two subjects interested him more, than any other when not quite fifteen years of age, namely history and geagraphy. The reason ~~therefor~~ for this preference, he says was ~~due to~~ the fact that he was anxious to know in which one of the many countries one could grow up to become a man and enjoy the privileges of life and liberty without being harrased by the government under which he then lived. In his native country he would have had to become a soldier, and eventually a nobody, unless he had been a member of a certain class and that meant the rich.

From his interest in the two subjects mentioned, he learned of many countries other than the United States, where one could as it were, live his own life; but, at that time, bid for emigrants was not vociferous from the latter by means of various agencies, particularly such as were connected with steamship companies.

European Steamship Companies in the seventies of the nineteenth century, and much later, were outbidding each other

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in the attempt to carry as many emigrants most of whom travelled in the so-called steerage class, from the various European ports to the United States.

Shortly after attaining the age of eighteen years, Friedmann graduated from the private school and could continue to study only by going to Vienna or Berlin, but his father had not the means for that purpose. Therefore he became a clerk in a grain brokerage house in a port city known as Braila.

While thus employed he daily came in contact with officers of grain carrying steamers from practically every port in the world, a few of whom took quite a fancy to him.

One day he mentioned to one of the captains who was in command of an English ship of his great desire to leave Roumania for the United States, and the latter said: "I expect to be back in about two months, and, if you then still have the desire to emigrate, and if you will be ready to sail with my ship, I shall take you as far as Liverpool. At that port, I shall secure for you passage to New York through some one of my many friends who are in command of steamers plying between those two cities." Friedmann thanked the captain heartily, and said that he would be ready to sail when the latter returned.

Friedmann, ofcourse, had to convey the information of his intention to leave Roumania to his parents, for, unlike in this day and age, young ~~man~~, at any rate, the great majority of them had much respect for their parents' feelings at that time. Hence, instead of writing to them, he told his employer that he wanted to visit his parents during some forth coming

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holidays, and he was given leave of absence for one week.

After reaching home Friedmann did not broach the subject for which he made the journey, but gave some valid excuse therefor. The next day however, when was alone with his mother, he told her the real reason for his visit. His mother, ofcourse, instantly shed tears, but she never uttered a word that might have intimated to her son to change his mind. All she said was that he should tell his father, who perhaps knew best what would be for his benefit in the future.

The very same day he went to his father's place of business; and, finding the latter unengaged, he immediately told him the object of his journey. After listening to his son's intention and the reasons therefor, the father said: "My son,I rather expected that the time would come when you would be dissatisfied with the political and social conditions in this country, therefore, I am not at all surprised at what you told me, and since it would soon be your duty to present yourself to the army authorities for conscription, I am rather glad that you thought about the matter and made your decision. All that I am able to wish you is good luck to your future in the new country and when you will be ready to leave I shall try to spare you a small sum of money." Six weeks later Friedmann was on a steamer bound for Liverpool, the captain, who had made him the promise returning sooner than he had anticipated.

Two days after reaching Liverpool the captain secured passage for Friedmann on a steamer bound for New York.

While crossing the Atlantic Friedmann made the

acquaintance of a young man, older than himself whose home was in California, and the latter described that State in such glowing terms that the former decided they should make the journey together. But when they went to a railroad ticket office in New York City to purchase tickets for California, Firedmann discovered that the money he still had was not sufficient to purchase a ticket, even as ~~far as~~ half ~~way~~ the distance between New York City an San Francisco. Instantly his companion sensed Friedmann's predicament and taking him aside, the former said: "If you are short of money do not hesitate to tell me, for I can secure as much money as I want by means of a Letter of Credit I carry. I am sure that you will repay me the money after you will be in California a little while. Ofcourse, Friedmann became attached to the young man as they continually discussed many subjects in a language they both spoke fluently, namely German; hence the former did not hesitate to confide in the latter of his insufficient means.

After tickets were bought they spent three days in New York City, and then they were on their way (Alas! for the times when men were much more trusting as well as trustworthy than most of them ~~are~~ today!)

When they reached San Francisco the young man the real Californian of a long since past age,) took Carol to his own home, and introduced him to his parents and a sister about sixteen years of age. He was asked to remain with them as a guest until he was rested from the long journey and decided upon some plan for the future. Ofcourse, Friedmann, for lack of money, was constrained to accept the invitation with many hearty thanks.

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Two days later Friedmann learned that his host was in the grain business, and his son was his associate. Bi anually the son went to Liverpool to discuss, with their associates, located in that city, matters pertaining to the grain business.

During their trip from Liverpool to San Francisco, Friedmann had mentioned to the young man that he had been a clerk in a grain bookerage office in Roumania.

One day the young man said to his father: "Friedmann is a nice chap and I am very fond of him, why not give him a chance in our own office? "Thereupon his father said: "I too, am fond of him, and so is mother, but he speaks a very broken English." Then said the young man: "Father dear, Friedmann will speak a better English than either you or I in less than one year. In the meantime we can use him as a time-keeper." "O.K.," said the father to his son," have your own way in the matter." In less than a week, Friedmann was asked to report for work. His weekly pay was fixed at twenty Dollars, and he was to room and board with a family whose members were friends of his employers.

Like many other emigrants to the United States from Roumania, who had received a thorough fundamental education in their native country, especially a thorough knowledge of the German and French languages, it was easy for Friedmann to master the English language as well as adopt himself to any sort of agreeable work. Therefore in about eight months from the time he landed in the United States, by means of intensive reading of good English literature with the help of a good dictionary, Carol spoke a fairly good English, and he was transferred to the office

Typed

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where he was appointed cashier. Thenceforward Friedmann's progress was fast, and at the end of his first year with the firm he became one of the firm's buyers.

In the meantime the junior member of the firm treated him, not only as a friend, but made him his steady companion. They both liked good literature; they both liked billiard and chess they both enjoyed a good show; they both were very fond of music; and last, but not least neither of them gambled nor drank. They were both continually absorbed in the grain business, and after business hours, either they engaged in intellectual pursuits or some innocent diversion once a week, and some weeks' ~~oftener~~, Friedmann had to appear for dinner at his employers' home. Other nights he would call on his junior employer after dinner. Thus matters continued to the satisfaction of all parties concerned for about three years when like lightening from the sky, the junior member confided in Friedmann that he was about to marry the young lady whom he often met in their home. Friedmann, ofcourse could only do the obvious, that is, congratulate his friend and benefactor heartily, but, at the same time, he felt as if something snapped in his heart. For after marrying he could not possibly have junior as his companion. In fact, a day latter, Friedmann said to his friend: "What will become of me after you are married?" After a few seconds of hesitation his friend said: "Carol, you marry my sister and you won't regret it. Two months later his junior employer was married, and four months later Friedmann married his emploers' daughter and sister, respectively.

Dr. Paul Radin, Supervisor.

A. Jackson, Research Ass't.

The biography of Nico Manos.

Nico Manos was only eighteen years of age when as a student in one of the schools in Bacau, Roumania, certain phases of education puzzeled him. In the first place, although a Christian of the Greek Orthodox persuasion, he never could find a Bible the contents of which he was anxious to read. Every Sunday when he arrived in the Vestry of the church , where he worshipped, he did see an open Bible in a small case that was securely locked; but, he could only look at the two open printed pages. To read at least that much of printed matter in the"Book of books" was impossible for him on account of its small type. He was very near-sighted.

One Sunday while listening to the priest's semon he made up his mind to wait until the services were finished and worshippers left the church to ask the priest either to loan him a Bible or to tell him where he might purchase one.

Accordingly, he lingered in front of the church until the priest locked the doors and was ready to depart. Nico approached him, made the sign of the cross, and kissed the hem of thepriest's robe (That is the custom when one wishes to speak to a Greek Orthodox priest) and said: " Father, for sometime I have been very anxious to read Holly Writ. Would you be good enough to favor me with a copy of the book con-

taining it, or tell me where I might purchase one?" The priest looked at his interrogator and parishioner and answered " No one but a priest may read God's revelations contained in Holy Writ my lad, therefore, I can neither lend you a copy, nor tell you where you might purchase one. All that a layman is permited to know is what the Cathechism contains. Be content and God bless you." Thereupon the two separated, and each went his own way.

About two months after Nico made an unsuccessful attempt to procure a copy of the Bible, he was carrying a large volume under his arm while walking into the classroom. The professor was already in the chair. Entering the classroom somewhat noisily, the professor looked up and saw Nico, whose face was flushed, and carrying a ponderous volume under his arm. The professor called Nico to his desk and asked him, first, why he was late, and secondly what book he had under his arm. To the first question Nico replied that he was anx' ious to procure the book he was carrying under his arm and he was forced to go some distance out of his customary path from his home to the school and handed the volume to the professor. As soon as the professor read the title of the book, his face showed signs of great displeasure. " Who advised or suggested to you to read this book?" asked the professor. To which question Nico's face, in turn, showed great anxiety and he kept silent. The professor repeated the question and Nico could only mutter that he did not know it was wrong to read a printed book.

The professor, however, insisted that Nico an' swer his question, or he would subject him to severe punishment, and the latter finally said " I bought it at a bookstore naming the bookseller and also his place. Thereupon the professor said: " No patriotic citizen of this country is permitted to have in his possession this book, therefore, I shall turn it over to the authorities together with the name and the place of the purveyor of this perverse literature. Go to your seat." The "perverse literature" to which the professor referred was none other than " Das Kapital", by Karl Marx.

When Nico was about Nineteen years of age, his father, who had been a widower for many years, decided that it was not good for a man to live without a mate; therefore, without confiding to anyone the pangs and pains of his aching heart, he married a young girl in another village and brought her to his home.

When Nico returned from school, his father introduced his newly acquired wife to his son and said: " Son, this lady is now my wife and your mother. Her wishes will be mine, and I ask you to respect them." Nico said nothing, but only made abow and kissed her hand. But as the days went by Nico was brooding about the new turn of affairs in his home, in fact, he was very displeased. Consequently, he managed to avoid both father and his new " mother" whenever it was possible for him to do so without actually offending his father.

For his mother he did not care much and his father sensed that.

One evening after dinner while father and son were alone in the room, the latter said: " Father, I wish to speak to you alone next Sunday. Let us both take a walk then and I shall tell you what is on my mind." The Father consented and suggested that they should meet at a certain time and place in the public park.

The following Sunday father and son met in the park and the latter said: " Father dear, I am most wretched for three reasons. First, because I am about finished with all subjects taught in my school and I know of no other where I could study other and more advanced subjects in our town. Secondly, I lately read books giving full information about the wonderful liberties and great opportunities existing in the United States of America and I long to go there. Thirdly, I am unhappy at home, especially since you married again and fostered upon me a new " mother ". Ofcourse, father dear, you are quite of age and hence you were perfectly at liberty to marry again and live your own life, but please realize that I too have to live my own life and rather than waste three years in the army, which I shall have to join sooner or later, nolens volens, I wish you would give me enough money to go to the United States. I promise to return to you every franc as soon as I can do so. You will not regret this favor to me. "

After Nico finished speaking his father asked him " How soon do you wish to go? " The son replied. Just as soon as I pass the examinations and receive my certificate of graduation, in about two months." The father promissed his son the necessary amount of money and they returned home.

On October 2, 1901 Nico was accompanied by his father and step-mother to the station where the train left for Bucarest, at which point he had to change for a train that left for Berlin and at the last place he had to take a train that took him to Hamburg where he embarked upon a steamer bound for the United States. In about twelve days after the ship left Hamburg, Nico landed in New York.

In New York he asked many people he could induce to listen to him either in the German or the French language (he spoke both fluently) where he might find some one who came from Roumania, but no one seemed to know.

As night was approaching, however, he accosted a man standing in front of a store in the Bowery and after asking him the same question he had already asked a score or more of other men, the man said: " I came from Roumania. What do you wish? " Upon receiving the answer Nico was elat' ed and they started a conversation in the Roumanian language. Nico was invited into the store and after a rather lengthy conversation he was invited to be a dinner guest at the storekeeper's home. Nico inquired where he might engage lodging for the night and he was informed that it was time for that after dinner.

The storekeeper, whose name was B. Berescu, telephoned to his wife that he would bring along a guest for dinner and described the young man as best he could. He conveyed the information to his wife in the Roumanian lan' guage. At six o'clock Berescu closed his store and together with Nico climbed the steps to the Elevated Railway and took a train for his home.

Upon arriving in his home Mr. Berescu introduced Nico to Mrs. Berescu and three lovely young ladies, their daughters. Instantly all of them made Nico feel at home, as it were.

Shortly after dinner, Mr. Berescu taking advange of his wife's absence from the diningroom excused himself and left the room. In the meantime the three young ladies, who spoke only English, plied Nico with all sorts of questions and the latter, in his broken English answered as best he could. While they were absent from the diningroom Mr. & Mrs. Berescu were in consultation as to the propriety and advisability to ask the young man to occupy one of their spare rooms until he could find suitable lodging. Having decided the matter in the affirmative Mr. Berescu returned to the diningroom and told Nico ."It is rather late in the day for you to be looking for a place to sleep, therefore, to-night and until you find a proper lodging place you may occupy one of our spare rooms." After some hesitation, Nico assented.

The following day Nico asked Mrs. Berescu and

her daughters, while they all were at the breakfast table, where he should look for lodging and possibly board. Instant' ly Mrs. Berscu said, in Roumanian, do not be in a hurry.Rest up from the long journey in our home a few days. You are most welcome, unless you do not like us or the room and food we give you. Ofcourse, everything, the family Berescu, as well as the room and food, were wholly to Nico's liking and taste. " But ", he said, to accept your kind hospitality and generosity would, I believe, be an imposition, I am only a stranger. Mrs. Berescu and her daughters, however, convinced Nico that they were sincere about the matter, and he consent- ed to stay.

A day or two thereafter, Nico having been in- formed that two of the young ladies were juniors students in the University of the city of New York and one, the youngest, was still in high school, he began to ask questions about ed' ucational opportunities. He said that he would like to stu- dy the English language fluently, and in due time enter a University for the purpose of studying engineering. " Of- course", he added," I shall have to look for a job in order to earn some money for my upkeep and also save some money for my University education." The young ladies in chorus told Nico that educational opportunities were excellent, and many young men and girls work their way through the Universities

One evening after dinner Nico asked Mr. Berescu how to go about procuring a job as a bookkeeper. He felt him-

self capable to taking care of any system of bookkeeping, however complicated. Mr. Berescu said he would think about the matter and give him an answer the next evening.

The following day an auditor handed Mr. Berescu a report whcih disclosed the shortage of a considerable sum of money and no one but his bookkeeper could have embezzled it. Before closing time Mr. Berescu approached his bookkeeper and told him to examine it then and there. After glancing at the report casually the bookkeeper said: " Mr. Berscu, I am sorry to have to confess to you that on account of illness in my home I had to take some money, which belonged to you; I am at your mercy, " and he began to weep. Thereupon Mr. Berescu said: " I shall no longer require your services, and as for the shortage, I shall expect you to make it good within six months; otherwise, I shall hand you over to the authorities." Mr. Berescu had no intention of prosecuting his bookkeeper, but he merely threatened him. However, that same evening Mr. Berescu told Nico to report for work in his store as the bookkeeper.

Nightly, Nico went to a school where he studied English and in about eighteen months he spoke the language fluently. During all of the stay in New York Nico became a member of the Berescu family.

The eldest daughter confided to her mother that she was desperately in love with Nico.although neither Nico, nor his boss and host knew about it.

Some mothers can , if they care to, accomplish miracles, or wonders on behalf of their children, therefore, she used all of her ingeniuty to bring Nico closer to the bos' om of her family, and altho Nico was not quite twenty-one years and he had decided a University course in Engineering, Mrs. Berescu , through infinite patience and much diplomacy, succeeded in having Nico confess that he too was in love with her daughter.

One day the Surrogate's Court of New York ordered distributed to each of Mr. & Mrs. Berescu's daughters the sum of twenty-five thousand Dollars which was left to them as legacies in their maternal grandmother's will.

As soon as the money was paid to the girls two of them gave it to their mother for safe keeping and the one in love with Nico deposited her lagacy in a Bank. She being over eighteen and , according to the laws of New York, of full age.

One evening, while walking in a park, Nico's sweetheart said, " Nico, if you are in accord, let us both go to California, where we shall marry upon arrival and as soon as Stanford University re-opens we shall both register a as students, you in the engineering department and I shall finish there my course in economics. I have money enough for the purpose." Nico could scarcely credit the words to his sweetheart, but he realized that women were " indipendent " and dared not question her wisdom.

They walked and discussed the matter from every angle, and Nico finally blurted out " what would your parents, who were so good and kind to me, think of me? " Nothing else but that I am an ingrate." At that his sweetheart said: " I see, you think more of my parents than of me ." To this tatement Nico had no answer. In desperation he said : " When shall it be ?" To which the girl replied " I shall inform you in twenty-four hours in advance.

About one week later Nico and his sweetheart were bound for California.

Immediately upon arriving in California Nico and his sweetheart were married and about one week later the two registered at Stanford University.

While a sophomore student at Stanford Nico took to his classroom two books and during recess left them on his desk. A fellow student being curious looked at the ti' tle and well nigh collapsed. He showed the books to a few oth' er students and one of them who did not particularly like Nico, told one of the professors " the sort of books Nico was read- ing." As soon as the students returned to the classroom, the professor who was tipped off walked up to Nico's desk and looked at the books. " My word," the professor said, how dare a student bring such literature into the classroom of an Ameri- can University?" Nico on hearing the professor's remark was thunderstruck. What should he say? He did not know. The pro- fessor said that he would have to report the matter to the Dean.

In due time Nico was called before the Dean and the latter admonished him never again to bring into the classroom such "perverse literature", or he would have to expell him.

The two books were Thomas Paine's " Age of Reason " and Kropotkin's " Bread."

So long as he was a student in the University Nico never again brought any "perverse literature into the classroom, but confined himself strictly to the subjects taught in the engineering course. He had made up his mind, however to question the objecting professor as to his raison d'étre, therefore after he received the sheepskin on graduation day he sought out the professor and after cordially saluting him, began to ply him with questions and particularly as to why he objected to a student's reading the two books last above mentioned. The professor was somewhat confused what to tell Nico, nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, he said: My lad, this istitution was founded and heavily endowed by a man who made his money in dubious ways, and so long as we are beneficiaries we cannot permit students to entertain any radical ideas. The sort of literature you brought into the classroom and presumably you read it, is bound to make a radical of you. Now that you have graduated and are no longer under our jurisdiction you are at liberty to read anything in print." I wish you success." Having finished, he and Nico shook hands and they parted.

After Nico graduated, he and his wife established a home in San Framcisco.

For some years he was successful in his practice as a miningengineer; but from the year I927 until the present time he has had a difficult time to make ends meet, as it were. He has two children and since the birth of his second child, his wife has been an invalid and no medical treatment seems to benefit her. They have appealed to Mrs. Manos parents for some financial assistance, but the latter's economic condition is no better than that of the former's. However, they are receiving a small weekly contribution from the relief funds of a private charity organization.

Sydney Springer

Principal Character.....S. A.
Place of birth.....Rumania
Present age.....57 Years
Present residence.....San Francisco, California.
Present occupation.....Tailor

In a little Rumanian village, during the year that Rumania won her complete independence; after about four hundred years of Turkish oppression; there was born to a poor carpenter and his wife, a son, whom we will call "S. A.".

S. A.'s father's earnings were very meager. There would be no schooling for the new baby. That, of course, was understood, for there were no free schools and the earnings of a Rumanian carpenter were not sufficient to pay for an education. Education and luxury were synonymous; for rich men only. The little village was made up of members of the poor class and none of S. A.'s boyhood friends ever went to school.

Even though this poor carpenter had no money, he had hopes and ambitions that his boy would make something of himself. He wouldn't let him grow up to be a "beggar". He would find a tradesman who would take S. A. as soon as he was able to do small errands. That would be the solution. In his young and impressionable years he would learn a trade.

At the tender age of five, when children now are starting kindergarten, he was placed in a tailor shop. Even he realized how fortunate he was to find a man who was willing to bother with him and teach him a trade. He went about his duties with the same industry you might observe in a scholarly child just starting to learn. He had been brought up to realize that the boys with education received all of the jobs. He must work diligently, for how did he know but that he might have to support his parents before very long. Other children not much older than he were supporting parents who would have starved otherwise. Of course, the time would come when he would become proficient in the

trade and be able to earn, but now he was learning. This was his schooling and he was happy over the wonderful opportunity his parents and his "boss" were giving him.

He continued on year after year and at the age of nine he was still apprentice to the same man and getting more skilled in his work.

His hours were quite long and his wages very small, but he could not expect anything better. Until------one night on his way home he met some of his friends. From them he learned that most of the boys of his age were hiring out on river boats. All of the way home he could think of nothing else but the wonderful adventures he would have if he hired out with them. They had good food on those boats. Good food, adventure, education from travel. Why not? But how was he to tell his parents? He broke the news to his father that night and as he had suspected, was met with great opposition. His father reminded him that the little money S. A. was starting to earn was a great help. He went over in detail with his father, the conversation he had had with the boys who were leaving. These boys were their own bosses. Didn't his father realize that he was nine years old now? All of his friends had been allowed to start out for themselves at nine. A great many of them without trades and they planned to get by. Think what he could do. He always had his trade to fall back upon. He made his decision to go without his father's consent and the next day hired out on a river boat as "kitchen helper".

He worked his way to Turkey and secured a job in a tailor shop. His travels, at first, took him all over the Balkans and then to other parts of the "old world". He was very lucky in securing work in tailor shops and on various boats, but as he looks back; his earnings were very small. In Syria they were so lean that he nearly starved.

He was beginning to learn a little of the various languages, except English. He was learning enough to be understood, at least, but

he did not know how to read or write in any language.

At the age of 14 he was very skillful as a tailor and feeling very grown ventured to Paris. He never found it difficult to obtain employment. We now find him in a tailoring establishment in Paris drawing very satisfactory wages, for the time. By being careful he soon saved enough money to open his own establishment. He became prosperous and remained in Paris for eleven years.

This brings S. A. to the age of 25, when he closed his Paris shop and crossed the Channel to London. Again he obtained work as a tailor. He could not understand English and spent eight very difficult months in London. He added some to his Paris savings until he had fifty pounds. That seemed like a great deal of money; but upon looking back he realized that he should have saved more in Paris. He had been young. Young people with money were spending it then, and he was no exception. He had been hearing a great deal of AMERICA. Fifty pounds. Why hadn't he saved more? Fifty pounds. Almost Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars in America. He could make it. America - BIG MONEY - Money - AMERICA.

He sailed for AMERICA, with one thought in mind. He would make a fortune. In New York he again found work as a tailor and with the help of friends, soon learned to read and write. This was his first bit of formal education. Up to now his education had consisted of personal experiences and contacts with others. America appealed to S. A. and it did not take him long to forget that he had come here simply to make money. His earning were better and living conditions so far superior that he lost all desire to ever return to the other side. He did not stay in New York for long. For the past thirty-one years he has worked at the tailoring trade in San Francisco. He has conducted his own establishment for many years. At the present time he is having a hard time to make a living in his little S. F. shop. He does all of his own work and by working long hours, he manages to get by.

No one realizes more than S. A. what a big handicap it is to battle the world without at least a grade school education. He saw to it that his children received an education. He is cheerful and says he should not complain. At least, he is better off than he would be in his own country.

While in New York he took out his first papers and five years later in San Francisco received his second papers. He married a San Francisco girl.

He has two sons, who were born in San Francisco and received their education here. One of them passed the Bar Examination and practiced law for awhile. The two brothers are now partners in the Scrap Iron business.

S. A. is a democrat. Believes in the administration and believes our President is doing the best he can. He hopes he will be able to see the job accomplished that he has set out to do.

He loves San Francisco and has no desire to live any where else. He said, "America is the only country in which to live and especially in which to make a living."

NOTES from incidents in S. A.'s life:

Would you like to hear about a city where people were murdered on the street in broad-daylight and the police did not make an attempt to find the murderer? All right - Listen to a tale of CONSTANTINOPLE.

As you view Constantinople from the Golden Horn, which is the narrow inlet of the Bosporus; the harbor of the city; it seems like a beautiful city. Once inside,you find its streets narrow and heaped with filth. It is really made up of many small cities, so to speak, for the Greeks, Turks, English, Americans, and French all have their separate communities. It is a very cheap place in which to live. In fact, in my time one had to work but little in order to live in the Greek section. This was the section for the Greeks and for the poor people of all

nationalities. As long as you were poor or showed no outward signs of wealth, you were unmolested. However, it was very dangerous for any of the upper classes to mingle or even venture into the Greek quarters. Many of these Greeks were of mixed blood and were a lazy, murderous class. No where have I ever found their equal. It was not uncommon to see a man killed. I have seen many of them, but I shall tell you of one particular case.

One day walking directly ahead of me on one of the streets of the Greek section was a man, from all appearances, a little more prosperous than the average. Directly in back of me followed a group of Greeks. They were talking among themselves - just casually. As I was not proceeding at a great rate of speed, they soon passed me. As they passed the man ahead of me, one of the Greeks plunged a short,wide,double edged knife into his back with such skill that the man fell dead instantly. Not a sound from the stricken man. Not a word spoken by the Greeks. The Greeks walked on,in company,again. The little business they had attended to, had taken them but a second. I was but a few feet from them. I, also, walked on and so did every passerby that followed. In the course of time an officer would pick up the body; but the officer would not be called. There was an unwritten law in this section known to the inhabitants and for this reason we all walked on. The policeman knew it was useless to ask questions. No one would know anything. Why the people in the vicinity had not even seen anything. As I said, this is just one of many such killings I have witnessed; but never was any one convicted. All of the Greeks carried the type of blade described and without question this section of Constantinople was the toughest place that I have ever seen or heard of in all of my travels.

Meditations on Paris by S. A.:

S. A. found the Parisian people the most friendly and helpful of all the nationalities he has encountered. They were very good spenders and not penurious as most people think. However, the peasants are frugal. He says the war has changed things, so he hears from friends over there. The information he has is based on conditions in Paris forty years ago. At that time they liked all foreigners and treated them as they would each other, with the exception of Germans. They did not like them. When S. A. opened his shop in Paris, the French people encouraged and helped him in every way possible. They wanted him to be successful. When he was, they were pleased. S. A. loved Paris. It stands out in his memory as one of the bright spots of his life. The left bank of the Seine, the Latin quarter, was very well known to him. In his day, it was dangerous for people with money to venture down there in the early morning hours as they did many times. A rich man would come to Paris and after visiting the up-town cafes would go to the Latin quarter for an added thrill before the sun started rising. Almost every morning when the sun did rise one or more bodies would be picked up on the street or fished out of the river - robbed and stabbed. These bodies were placed on ice in the morgue close by, for a limit of two weeks, so relatives could claim them.

This Latin quarter, as S. A. remembers it, was a sort of produce section. The farmers started arriving at about 2 A. M. and the gay cafes started opening up at this time. The fashionable uptown cafes were just closing.

As it is not our custom to pick up with strangers, it might sound queer to you to hear this little story; but in the Latin quarter of Paris in my time, it was quite the custom to join a stranger in a drink.

One morning at about 2:30 A. M. I was leisurely strolling along when a tall, good looking gentlemen approached and invited me to have

some wine. I accepted and we started down the street together. He said, "How would you like to go to the worst place in Paris?" Being young and adventuresome, I accepted. We proceeded and in a short time arrived at what from all outward appearance was an unoccupied basement. As was the case with most of these cafes, there was a "peek hole" A knock on the door would bring an attendant to the "peek hole". If the attendant was satisfied with your looks, you were admitted. If not, he became very dumb and had no idea what you wanted. We knocked and much to my astonishment, I was pushed in front of the "peep hole" and my tall friend stepped aside. The attendant upon looking out, saw my young foreign face and opened the door. My friend and I walked in. A real dive was right. It was filled with apaches and their girls. No man's life was worth a dime in that place. S. A. was young, but familiar enough with the Latin quarter to know that he was in a tough spot. Well, the tall gentlemen had asked him if he wanted to see the worst place in Paris. Here he was. Right there were the toughest humans in all of Paris. No outsiders - just S. A. and his tall friend were locked in this basement with the Underworld. Of course, the attendant had let them in for he had thought S. A. was a foreigher with money, looking for a thrill.

They ordered drinks and scrutinized the curious assemblage. Some of the girls were very young and beautiful and shapely. They wore high top shoes and short stockings with the balance of the body nude. He learned from his friend that they danced in the uptown cafes and at closing time were met by their boy friends, as we will call them. The French had a name for them (Maquereau) in English (Mackerel). These boy friends were outside their cafes at quitting time to take the girl's nightly earnings. Then they took them to the Latin quarter where we now find them as our friends look them over.

S. A. noticed a peculiar feeling in the crowd about the tall gentlemen. He looked at him. He did look too official. The tall man asked to be excused for a minute and stepped away. S. A. was alone at his table and his eyes wandered around the room again. They fell on an Apache. Where had he seen that man before? A chill came over him as he realized that just shortly before he met his tall friend he had seen that very apache stick a knife into a girl.

A knock on the door. The lookout man couldn't help himself this time. He was forced to open the door and the police swarmed into the place. The tall gentlemen was a French detective. This was a round-up. The police knew that on this particular night there was a celebration in this dive and most of the cutthroats of Paris were there. This raid was planned, but not to the knowledge of S. A. However, he had been the means of gaining entrance. Through a peculiar turn of fate he had been responsible for a round-up of cut-throats in the worst dive in Paris.

E. A. Poe's great detective feeling in the moral sphere the tall gentleman looked at him. He did look too official. The tall man asked to be excused for a moment and stepped away. E. A. was alone at his table and he was wondered around the room again. They fell on an armchair. Where had he seen that man before? A chill came over him as he realized that just shortly before he met his tall friend he had seen that very strange man at a Turk's hat, a gift.

A knock on the door. The lookout man equipped half-a-dozen time. He was forced to open the door and the police swarmed into the place. The tall gentleman was a French detective. This was a round-up. The police knew that on this particular night there was a celebration in this dive and most of the outcrops of Paris were there. This rain was already, but not to the knowledge of E. A. However, he had been the means of an odd entrance. Through a peculiar turn of fate he had been responsible for a round-up of cut-throats in the worst dive in Paris.

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